TV COMIC

5D.

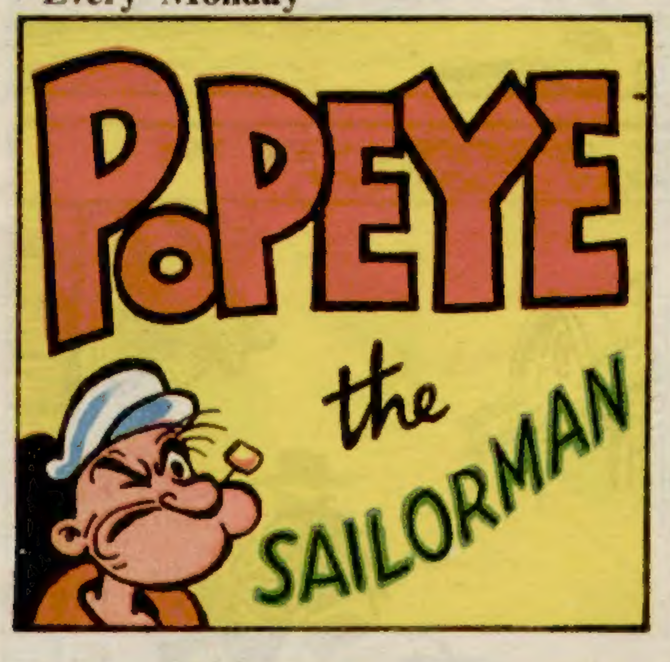
SUPER THRILLS! SUPER ACTION!

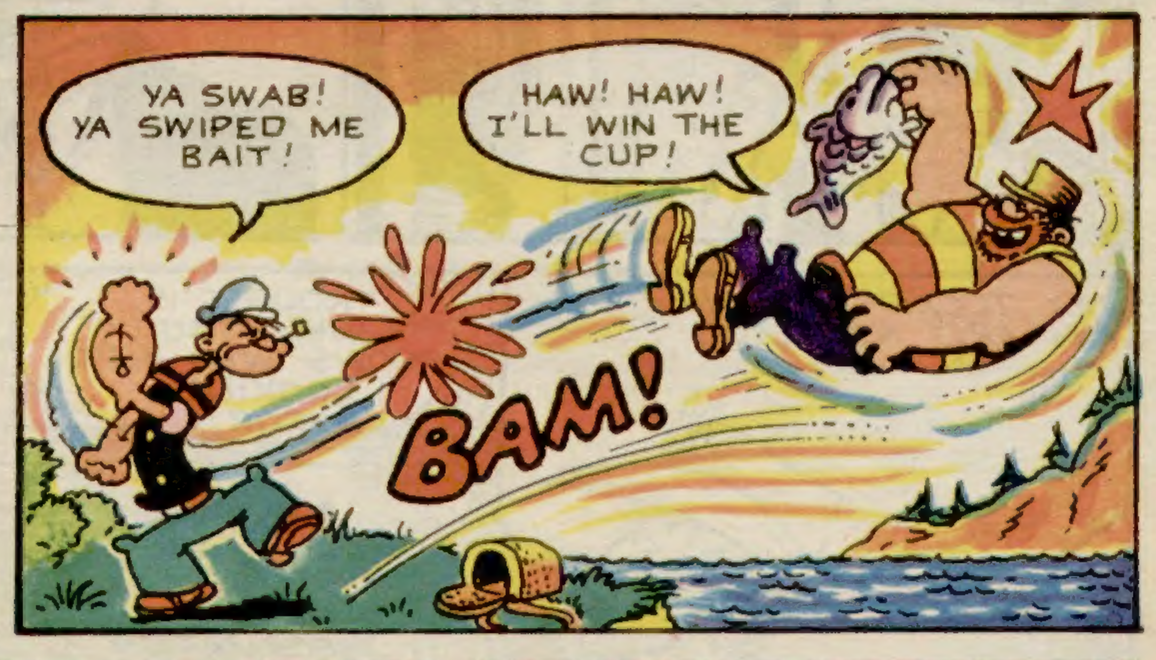
'SUPERCAR'

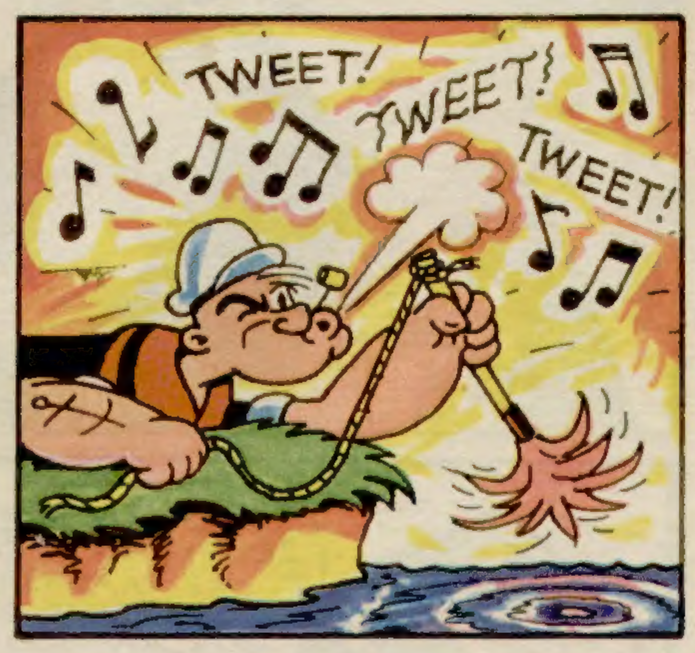
IN DRAMATIC PICTURES — INSIDE!

Every Monday | Week Ending 2nd June, 1962 | Number 546

POPEYE the SAILORMAN







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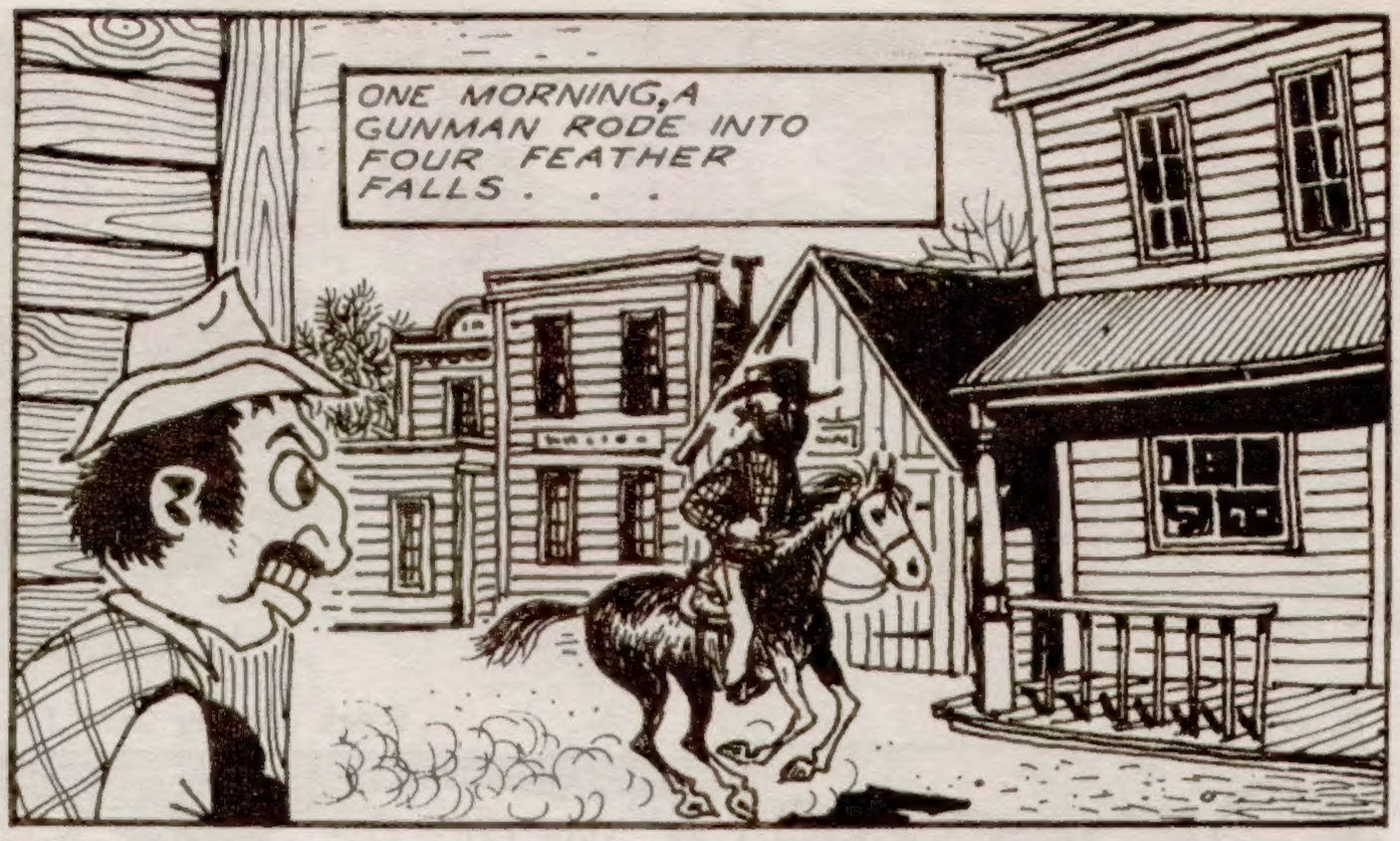
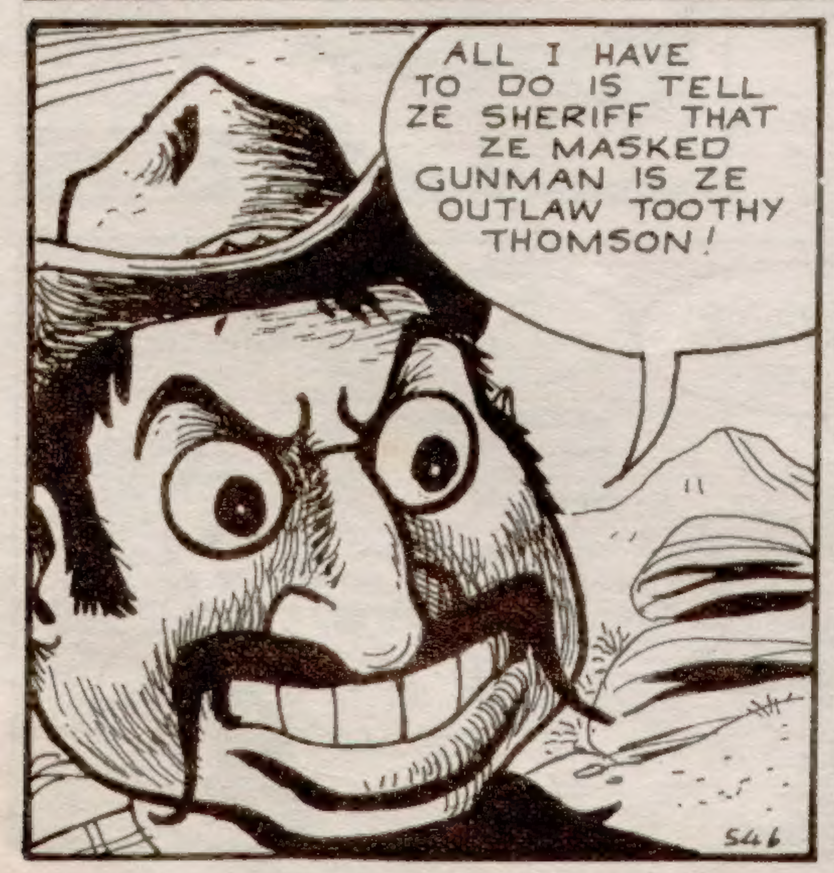
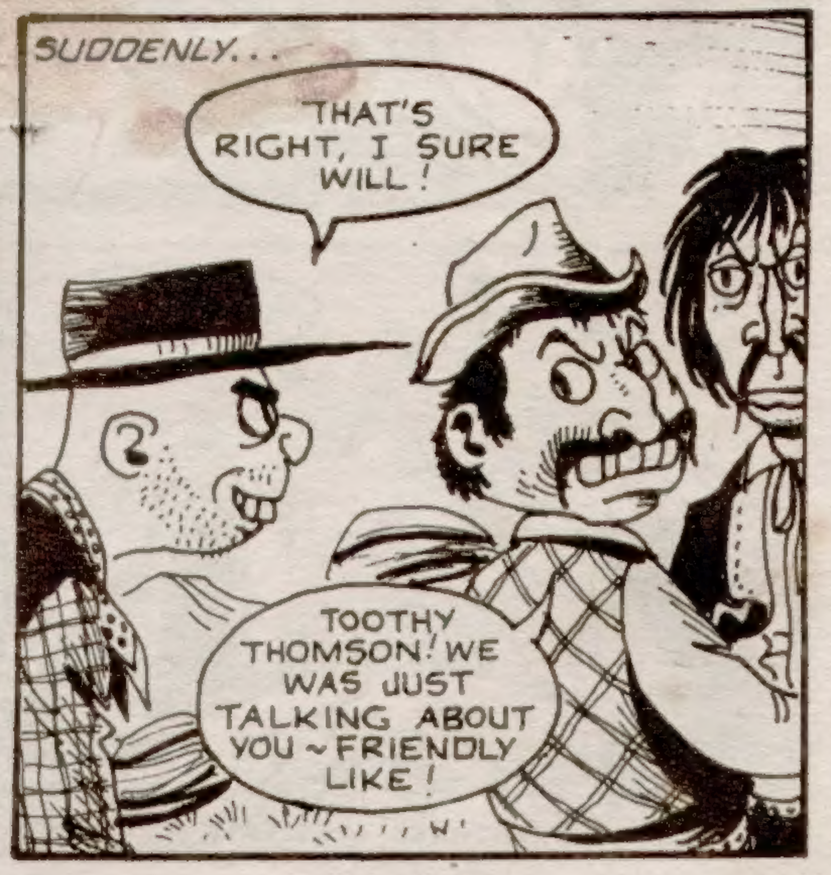


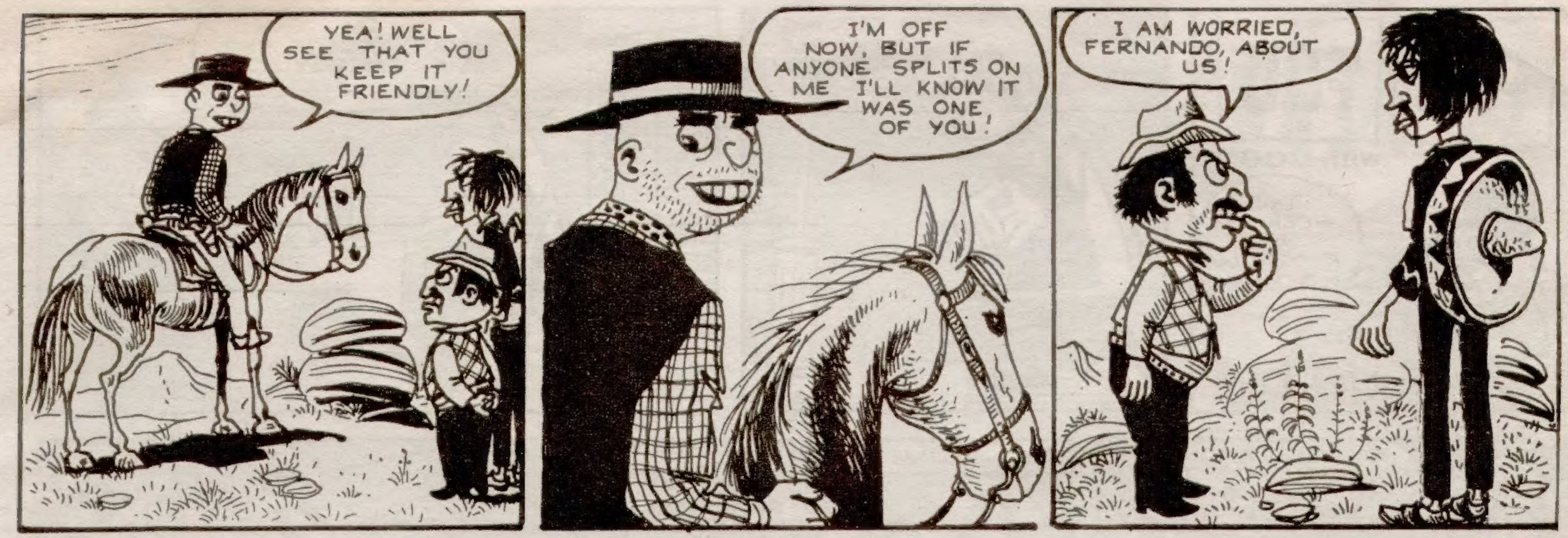
TEX TUCKER PUT UP REWARD NOTICES . . .
TROUBLE IS, TWINK, NOBODY KNOWS WHO WE'RE LOOKING FOR!
$100 REWARD.
FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF THE UNKNOWN ROBBER OF JACKSON'S BANK.

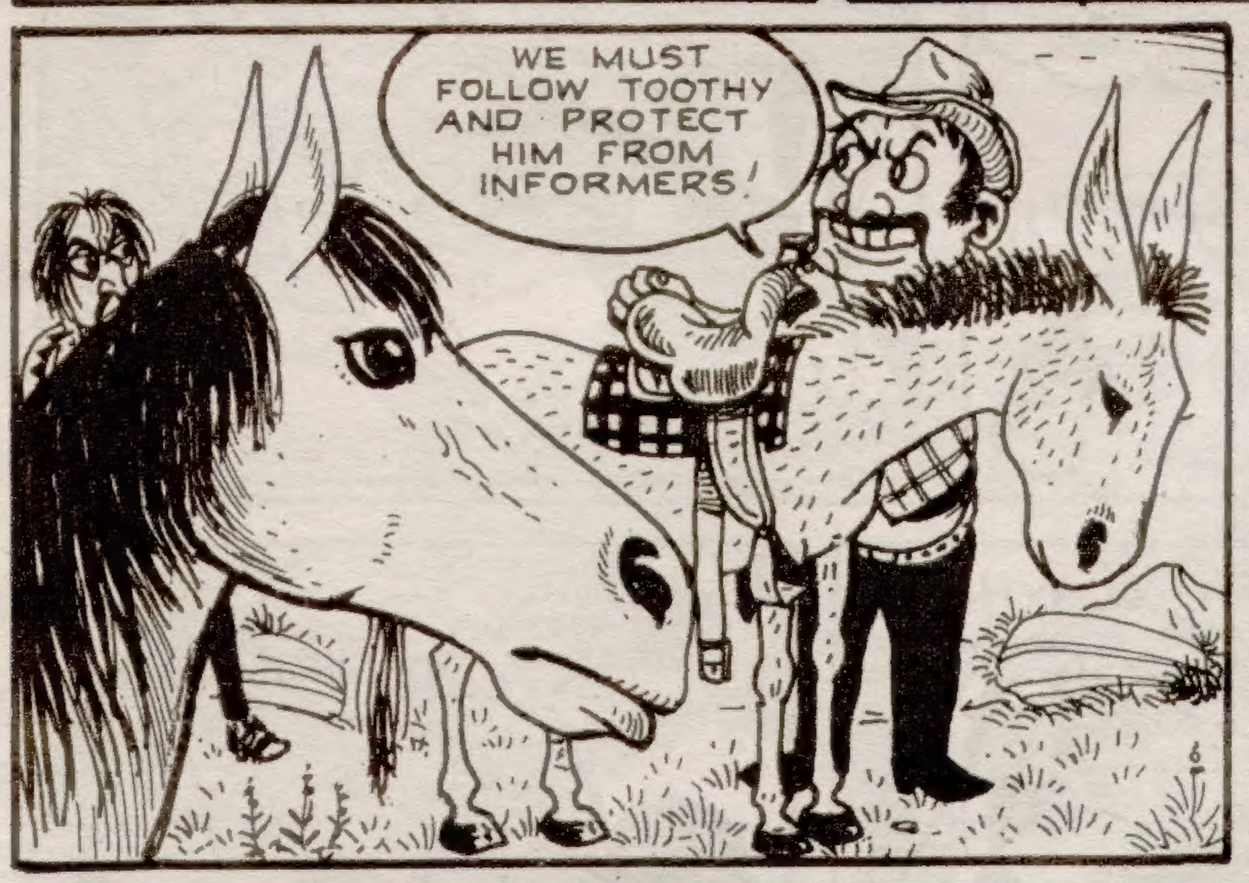
TEX WAS MISTAKEN. THERE WAS ONE MAN WHO KNEW THE GUNMAN'S IDENTITY. . .
I AM GOING TO BE RICH, FERNANDO. I WEEL GET A HUNDRED DOLLARS!

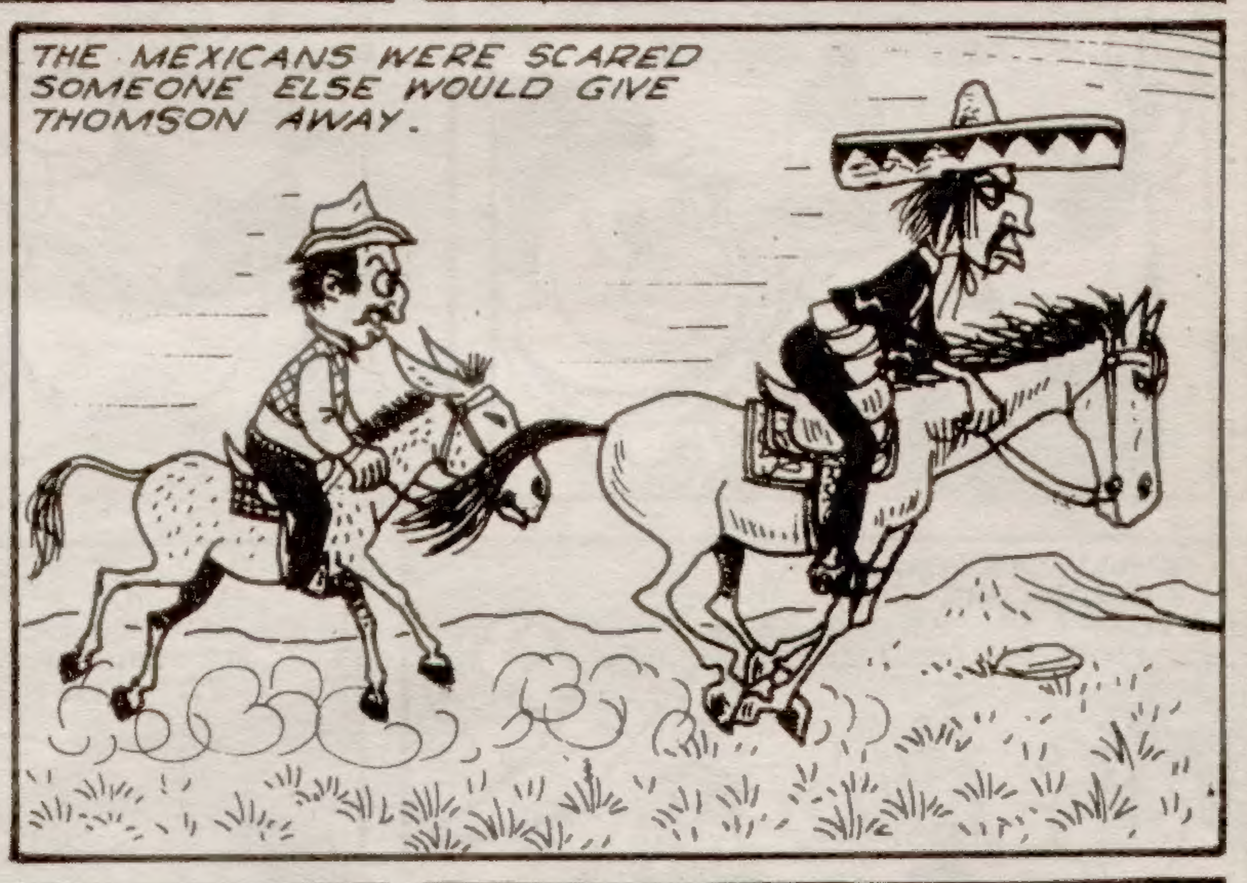


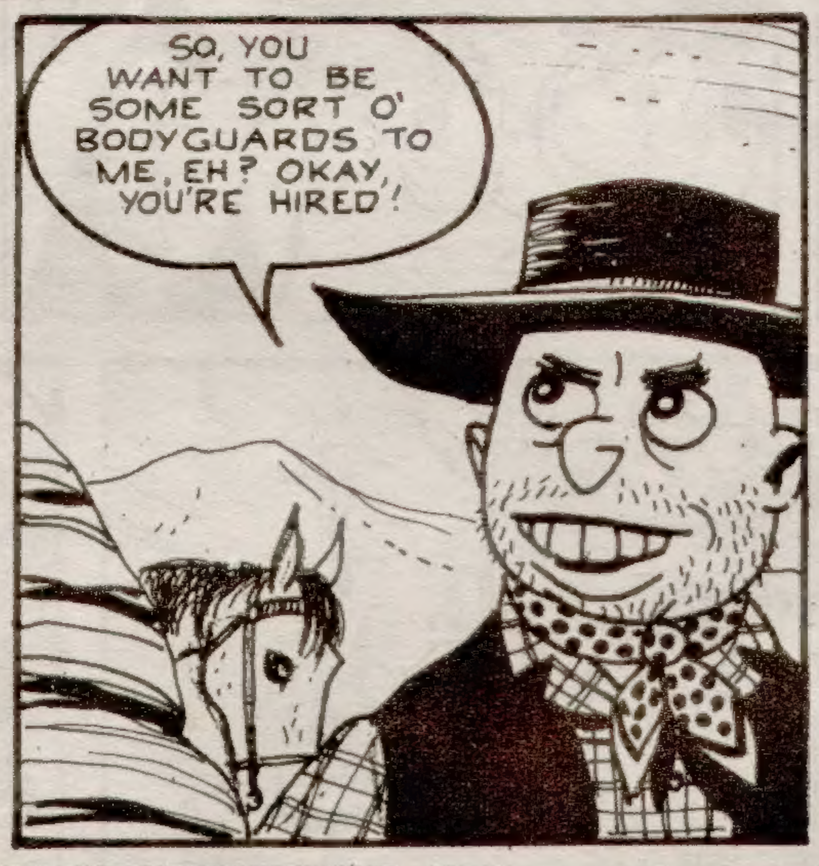


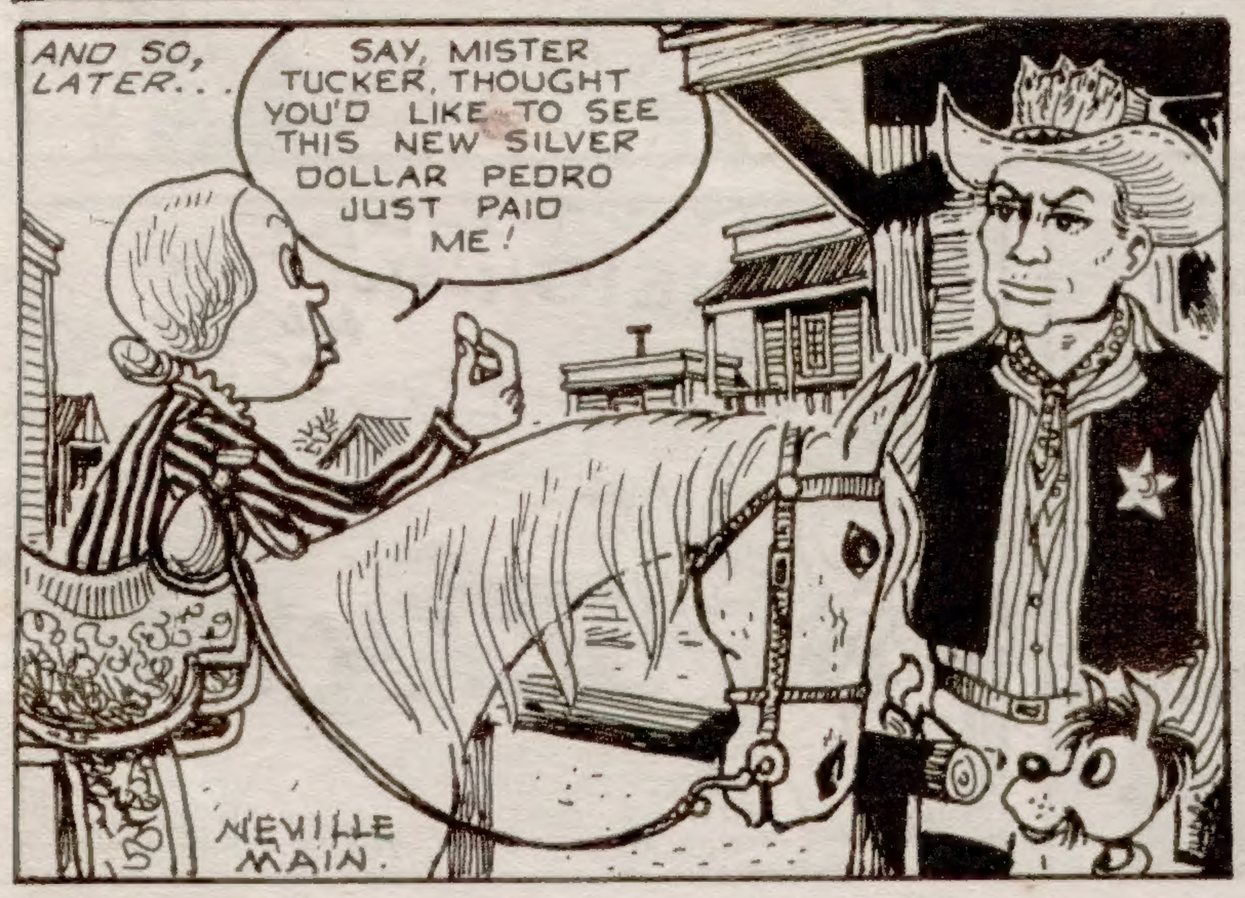
Adapted from Granada's Television series "Four Feather Falls."


YEA! WELL SEE THAT YOU KEEP IT FRIENDLY!
I'M OFF NOW, BUT IF ANYONE SPLITS ON ME I'LL KNOW IT WAS ONE OF YOU!
I AM WORRIED, FERNANDO, ABOUT US!



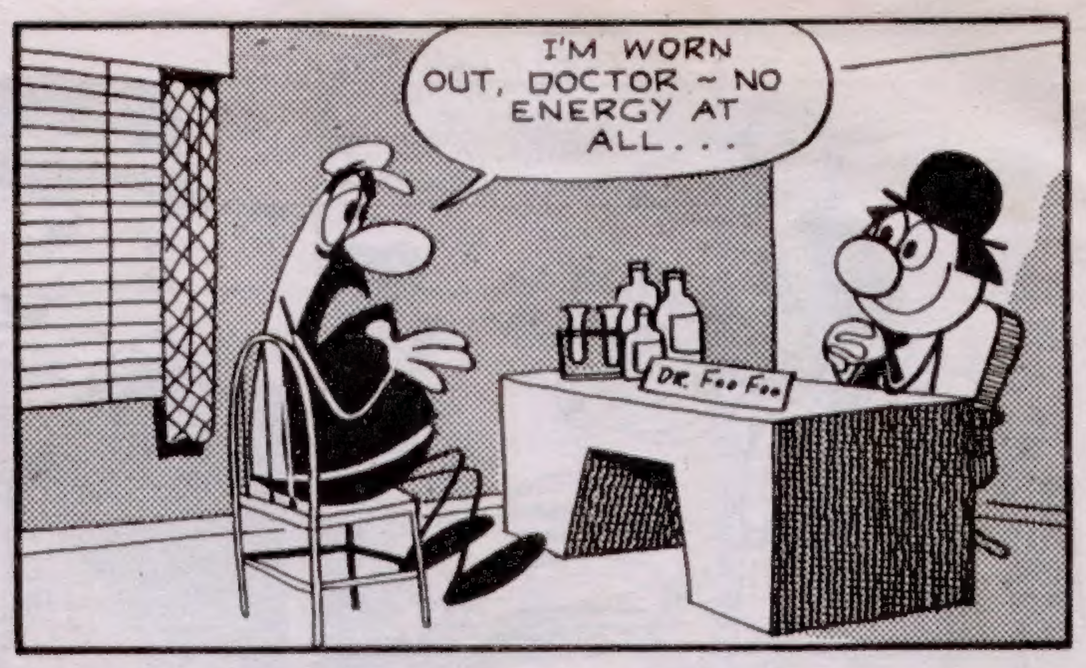


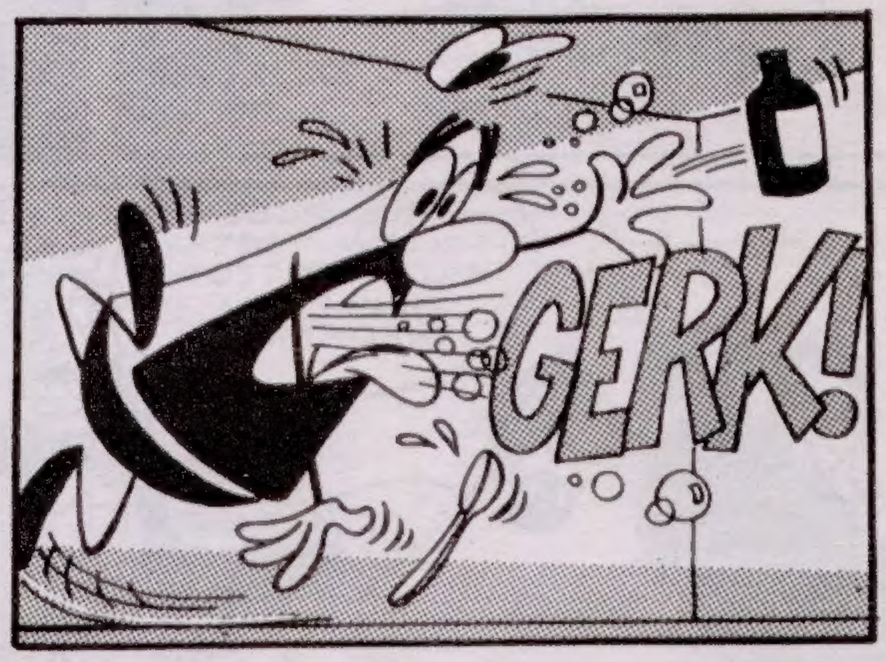


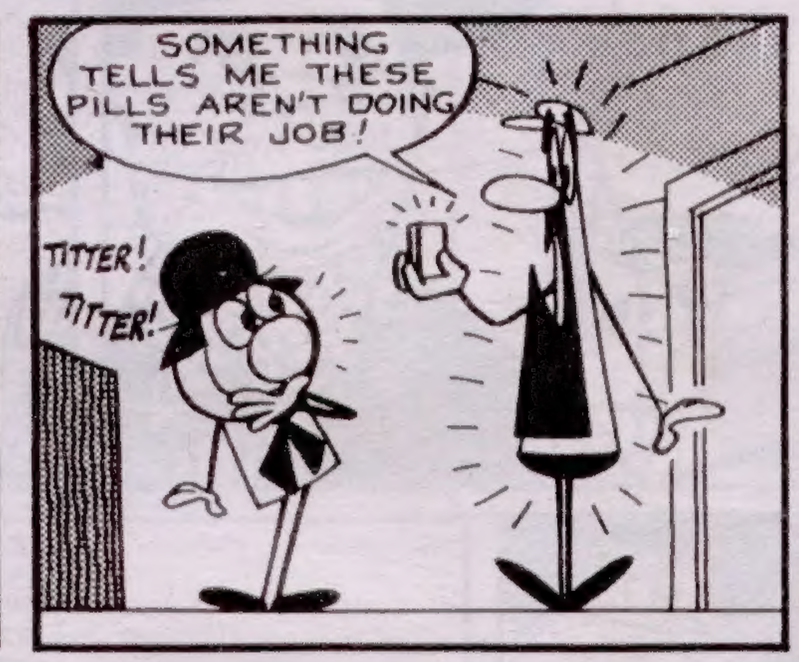


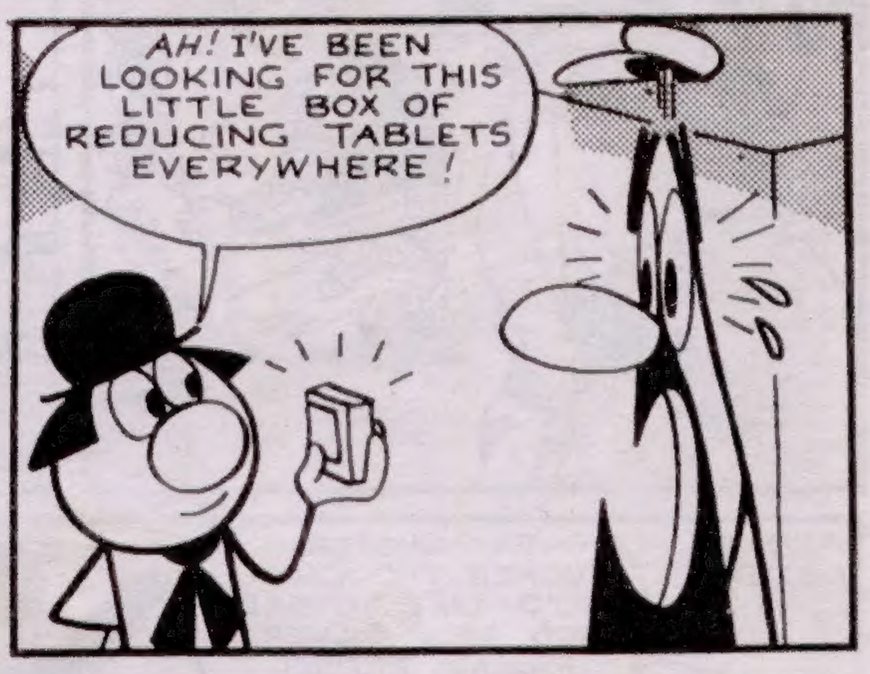
TEX THANKED MA JONES AND TRAILED PEDRO TO TOOTHY THOMSON'S HIDEOUT. NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT WAS MA JONES AND NOT PEDRO WHO EVENTUALLY GOT THE HUNDRED DOLLAR REWARD.

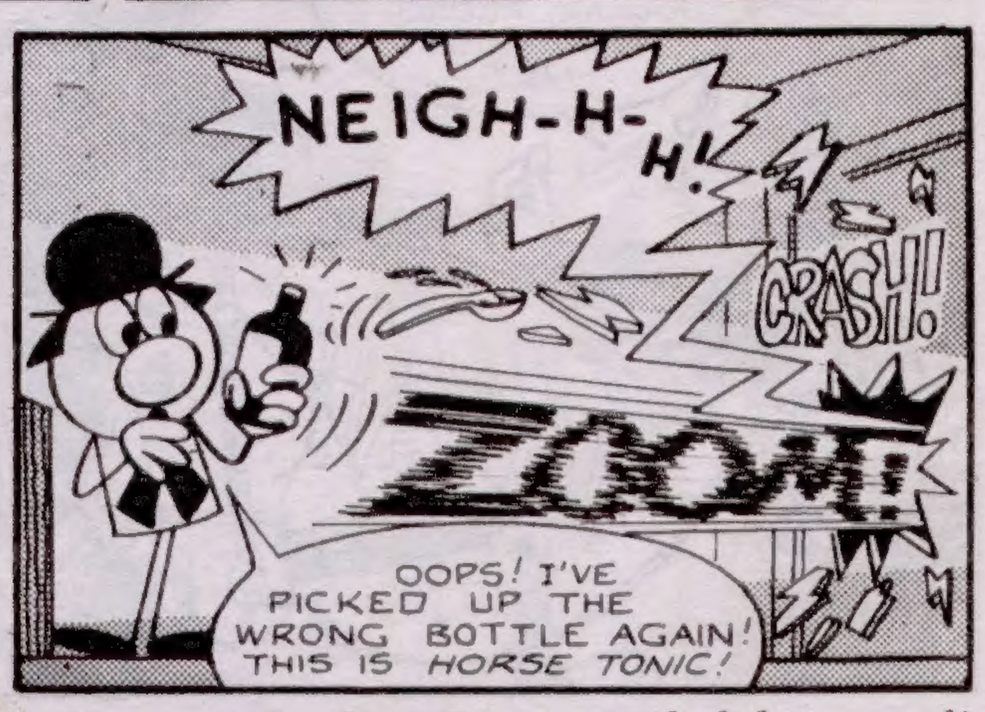
Another "Four Feather Falls" adventure next week!









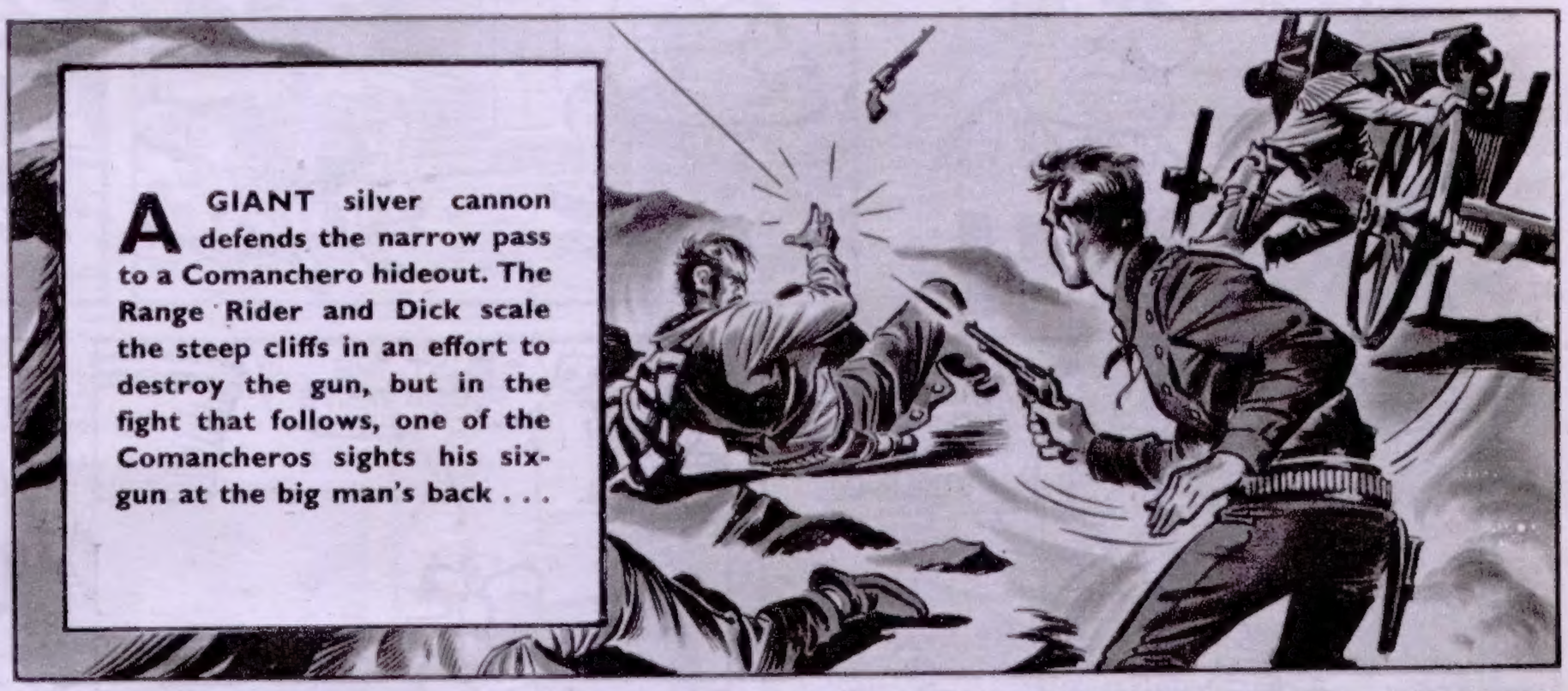


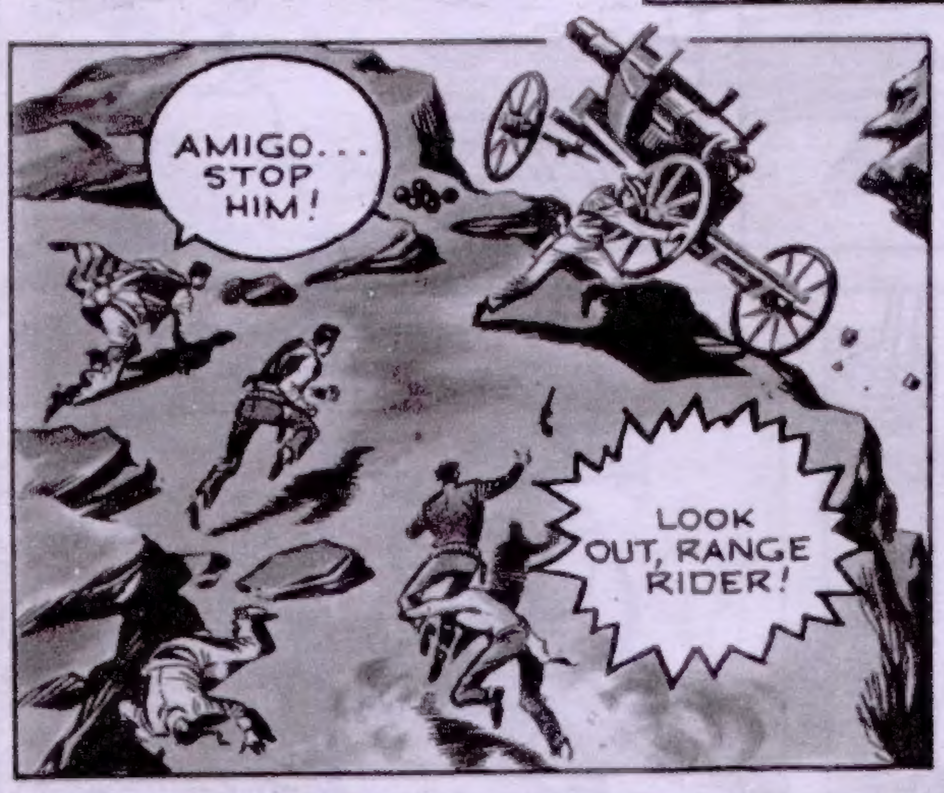
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo."

Next week, Foo Foo is in holiday mood!

THE RANGE RIDER

A GIANT silver cannon defends the narrow pass to a Comanchero hideout. The Range Rider and Dick scale the steep cliffs in an effort to destroy the gun, but in the fight that follows, one of the Comancheros sights his six-gun at the big man's back . . .





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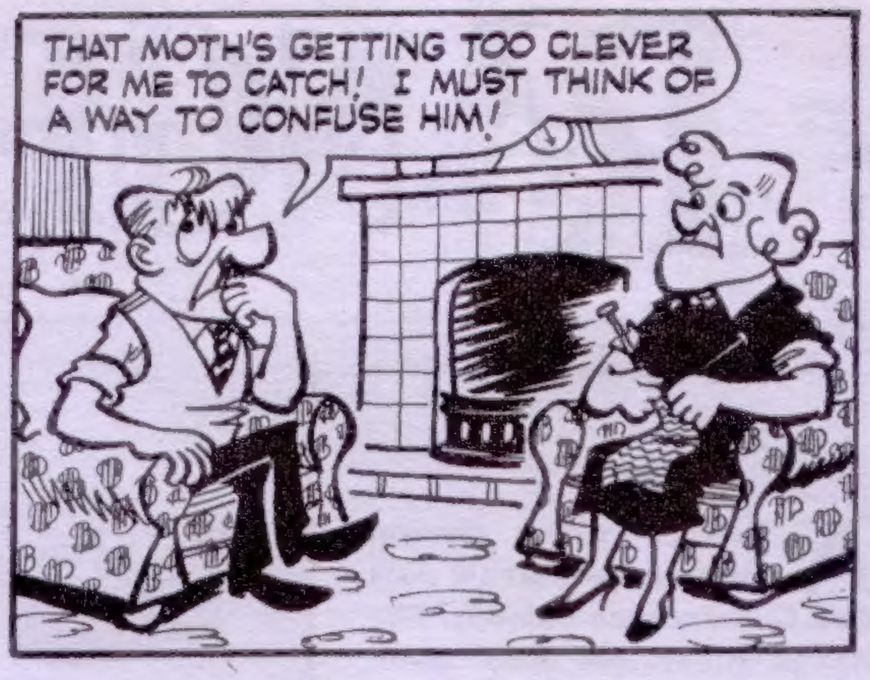
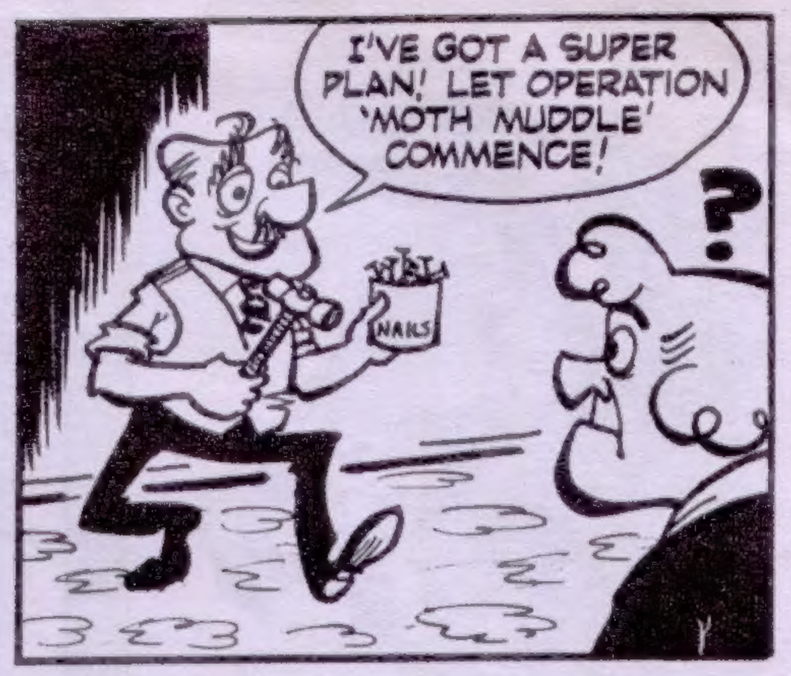
MIGHTY MOTH


THAT MOTH'S GETTING TOO CLEVER FOR ME TO CATCH! I MUST THINK OF A WAY TO CONFUSE HIM!


I'VE GOT A SUPER PLAN! LET OPERATION 'MOTH MUDDLE' COMMENCE!
NAILS
?

I'LL NAIL THE CARPET AND FURNITURE TO THE CEILING!

PAINT THE FLOOR WHITE!

STRAP MYSELF IN THE CHAIR AND WAIT!

HERE HE COMES! I'LL BE OFF!

HALLO, DAD!

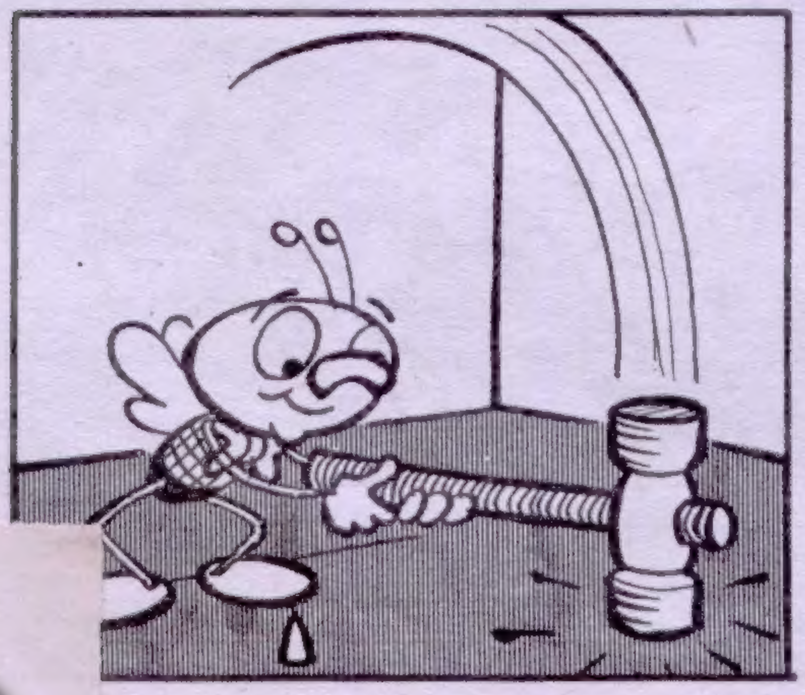
EEK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHY ARE YOU FLYING UPSIDE DOWN?

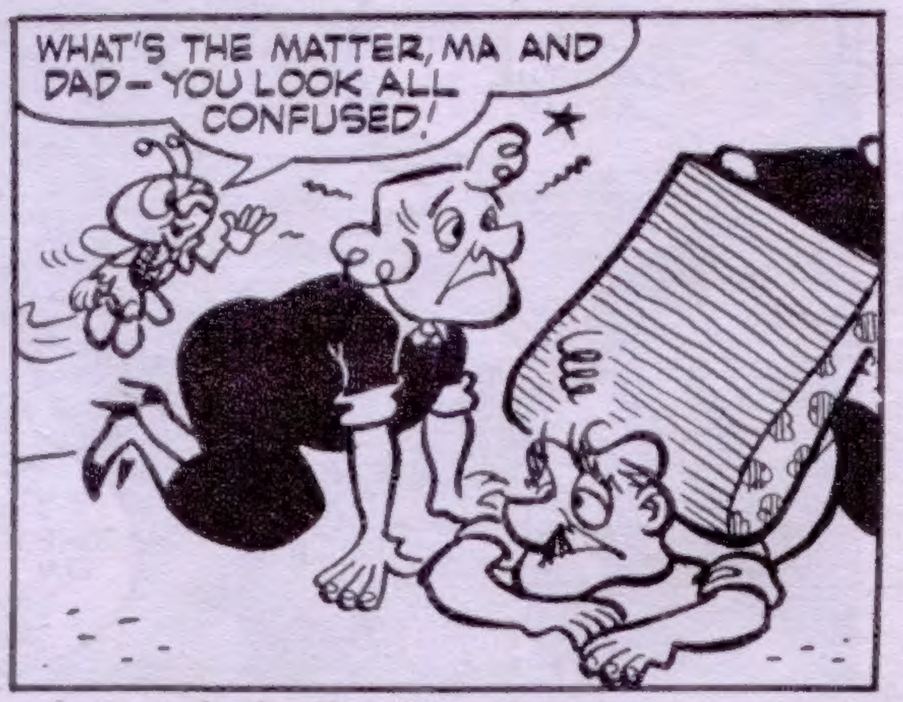
I MUST NEED A CHANGE OF AIR! I'M GOING AWAY!

UPSTAIRS...
I'LL PACK MY CASE AND BE OFF! HEY—WHAT ARE THOSE NAILS DOING STICKING THROUGH THE FLOOR?

IT'S WORKED! HE'S PACKING HIS THINGS!

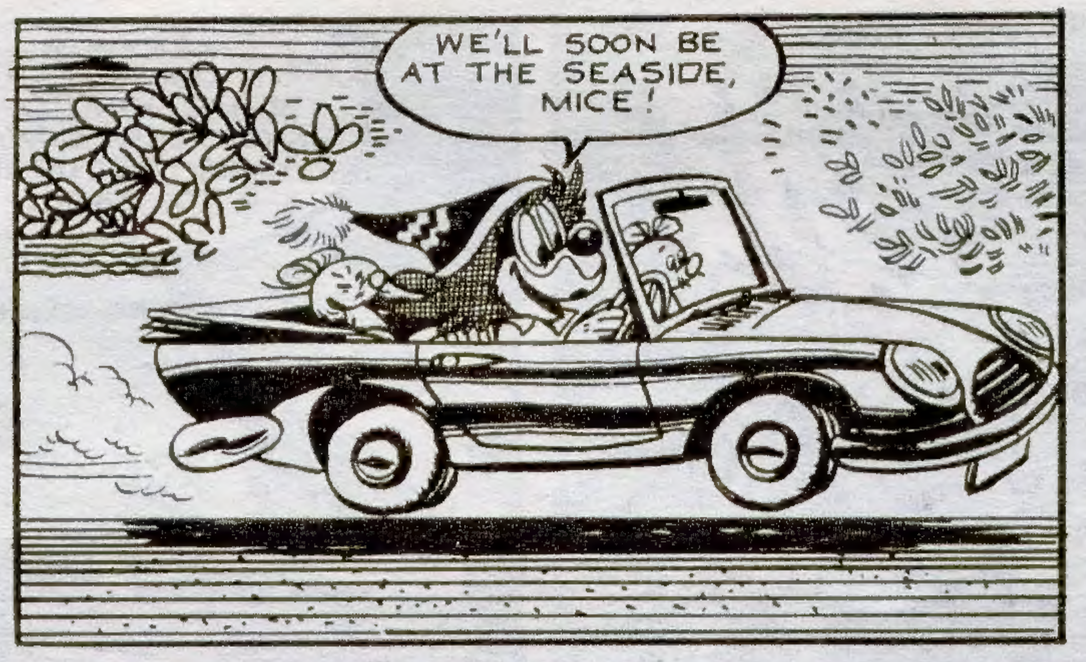


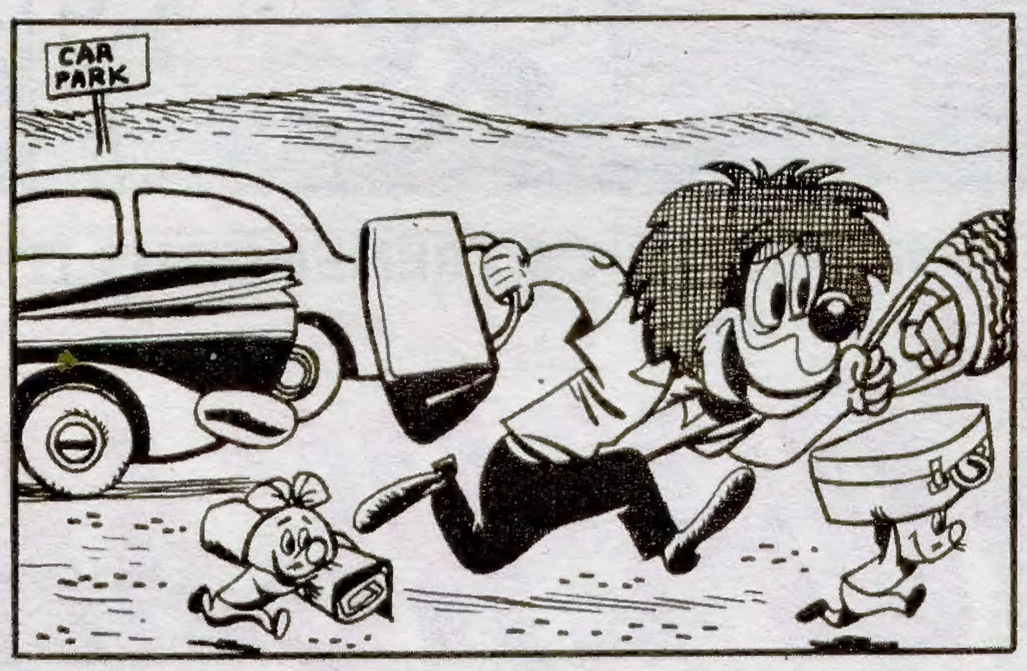
CLUNK!

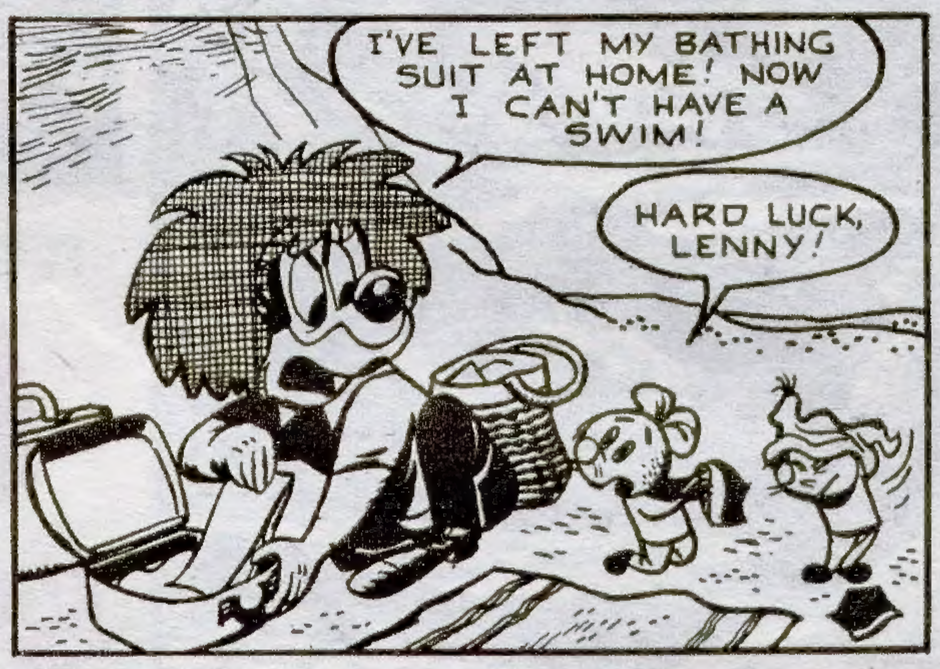

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MA AND DAD—YOU LOOK ALL CONFUSED!

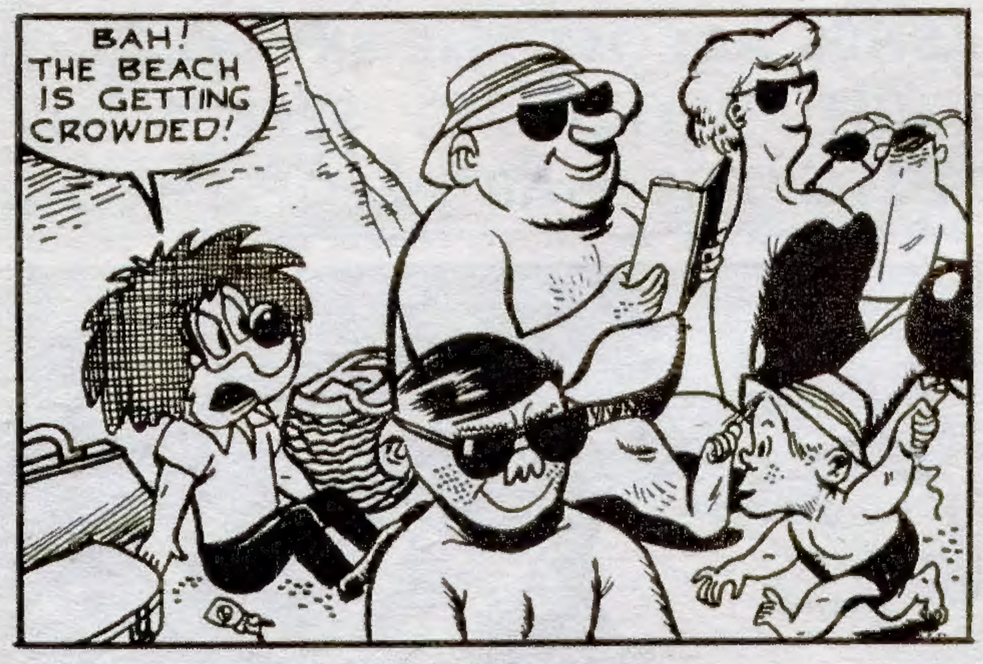
TERRY HALL'S

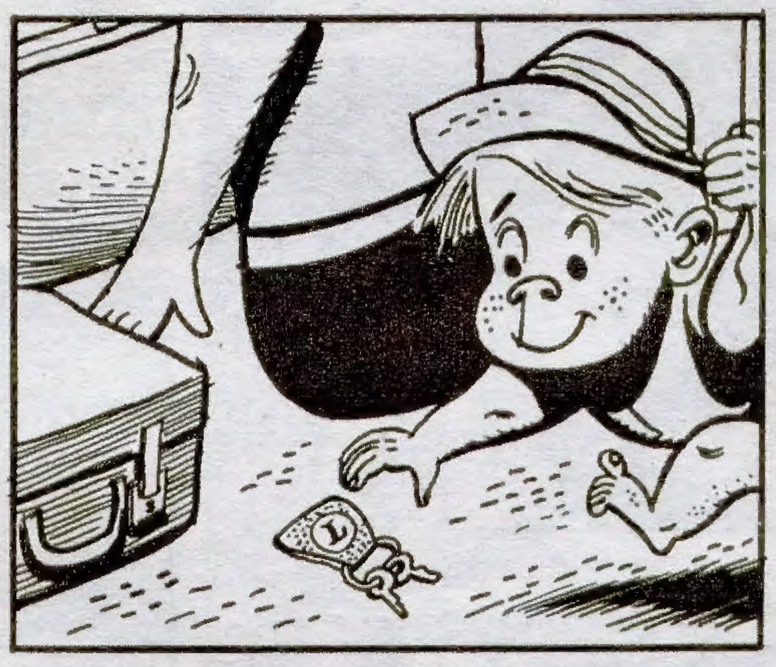
Lenny the Lion

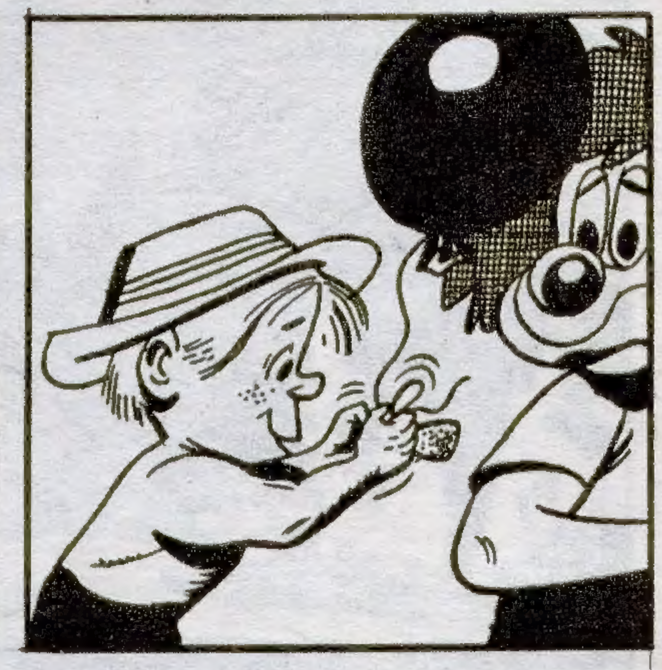


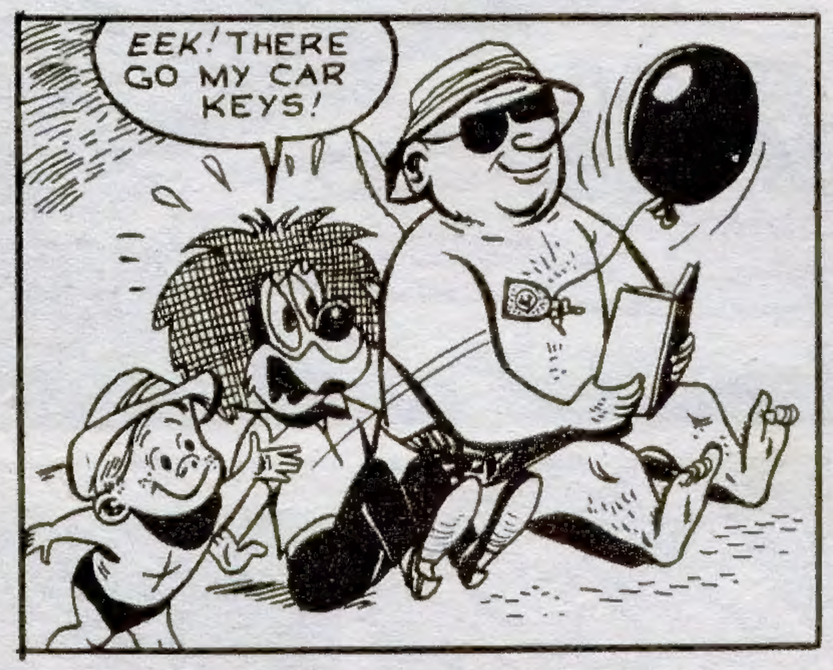


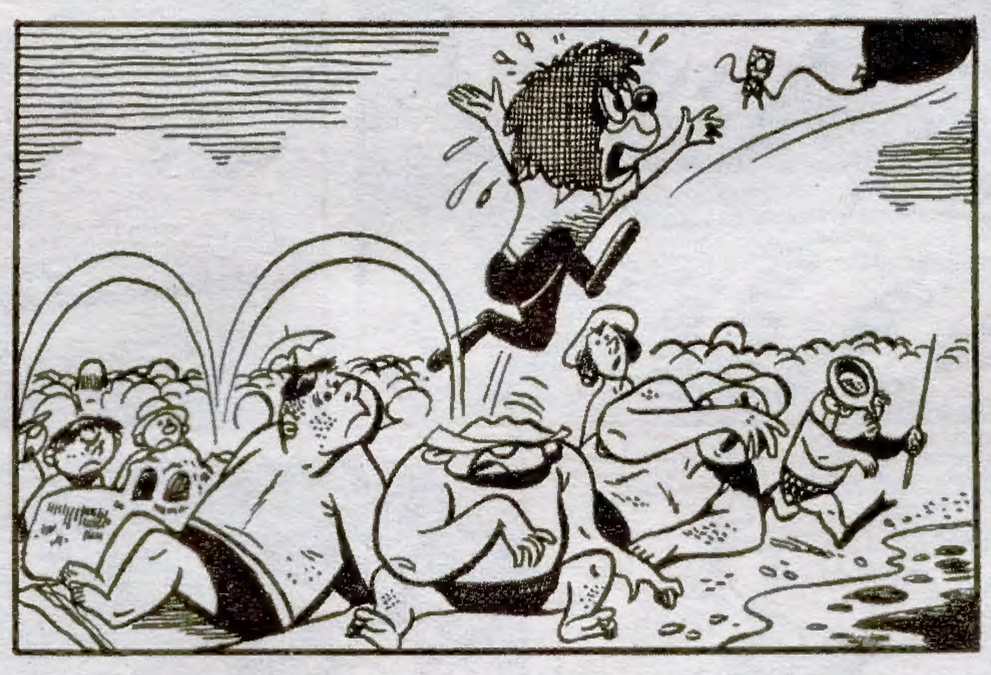


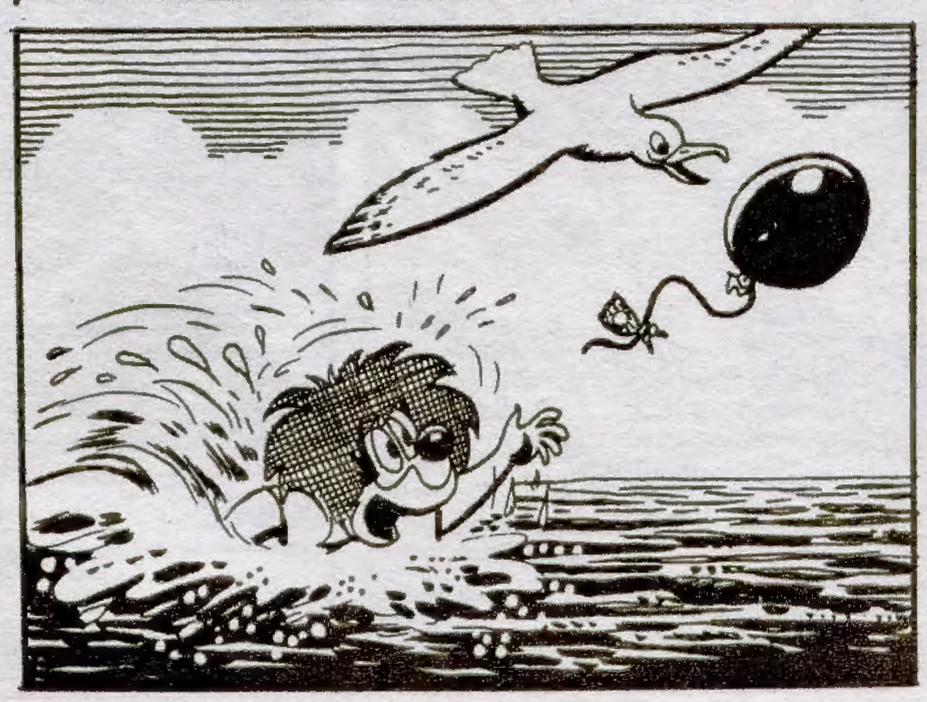


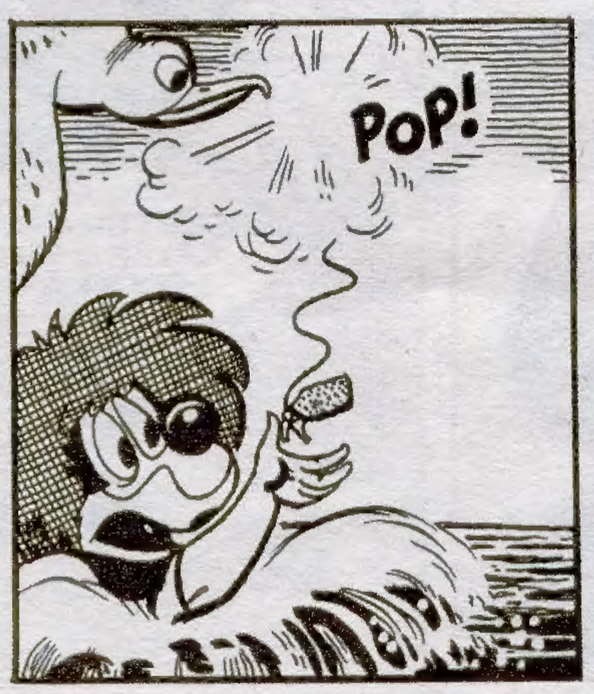












More Lenny-laughs next we

THE Supercar team have joined Dr. Beaker's father in Peru where he is trying to find a lost civilisation. Mike Mercury scans the bottom of a lake and has a shock.

THERE'S A CAVE-MOUTH... AND SOME KIND OF MONSTER DOWN THERE! RETURNING TO BASE!

AT PROFESSOR BEAKER'S LAKESIDE CAMP...

THIS COULD BE THE LOCATION OF A LOST CITY, MR. MERCURY!

YEH, PROFESSOR BEAKER... I'LL TAKE YOU AND THE DOCTOR DOWN THERE TO INVESTIGATE!

IT'S FANTASTIC! IT'S TREMENDOUS IT'S—

SUPERCAR

IT FLASHES ACROSS THE SKY—IT ZOOMS THROUGH WATER—IT SPEEDS OVER LAND! IT'S THE MARVEL OF THE AGE!

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd., and Associated Television Ltd., series "Supercar"

AN HOUR LATER...

THAT MONSTER'S GONE... LET'S SEE WHERE THIS TUNNEL LEADS!

SUPERCAR

MIKE... THERE'S SOME LIGHT AHEAD!

SURE DOC... GUESS WE'RE COMING TO THE END OF THIS TUNNEL.

A VAST SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN! MOST INTERESTING!

THEY LOOKED ABOUT THEM...

THE LUCKY SUPERCAR CLUB LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 47,474

Do not miss the thrills in SUPERCAR

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MEVIN

KY SUPERCAR CLUB LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 47,474

Do not miss the thrills in SUPERCAR next week!

ON THE TRAIL

with Grahame Dangerfield

Grahame is on a private island with a friend, searching the cliffs for interesting birds' nests.

Angry and Fierce

THE climb up the cliff was very tiring, and after some time Reg and I stopped for a while to sit down and have a breather.

Far below us, about a hundred feet in fact, the waves broke over the fierce looking rocks. It's strange how one's feelings about rocks can change so quickly. A short time before we had been on these rocks, and they looked very lovely. Now, because they were a danger should we have fallen, they looked angry and fierce.

After a short rest we pressed on up the cliff. We suddenly found one place where we had an ideal view of a grassy piece of cliff that could not be seen from above.

We were very pleased to have come across it because two Fulmars flew away from it, and then we saw a nesting burrow. Although looking rather like gulls, these birds have very different nesting habits. They use a burrow just like a rabbit, and normally lay only one egg.

Sometimes they will use a bare ledge for their nest. Unfortunately the cliff where they were, was impossible to climb without ropes, but we agreed that we would try to go back there another day.

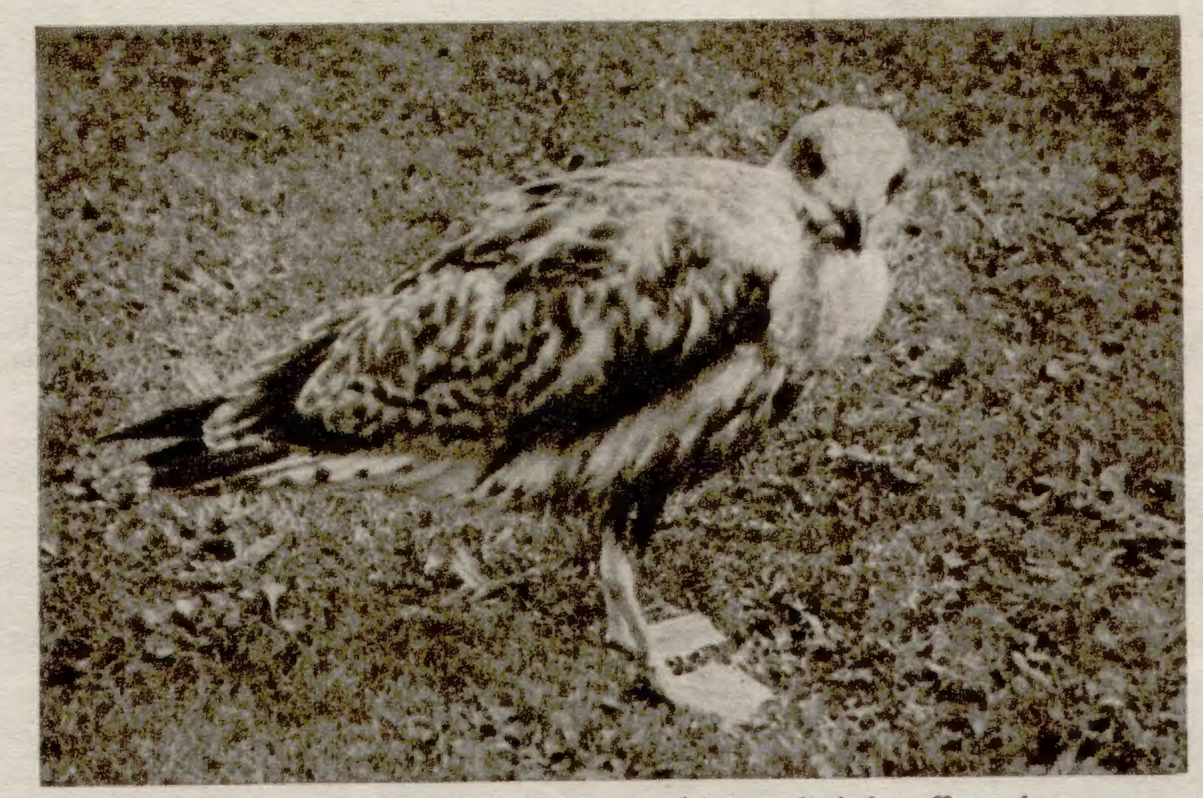
At last we did reach the top of the cliff, and hot and tired we set off back to the house. We did not go straight back home, but as the weather was so perfect we decided to have a good look round the Heligoland traps on the island.

Fantastic

THE first trap we looked at had several birds near it, and we drove these towards the trap. Most of them flew off to one side of the trap and we lost them, but we did catch one Spotted Flycatcher.

We left this trap and went on to a special trap that Reg had designed himself. It was such a cunning affair that it is impossible to describe it in words! But despite its fantastic appearance it did a good job, and we caught a Dunlin in it. This we duly ringed and then Reg told me to watch while he let it go.

He walked away from me, put the bird gently down by a rock pool, and then stood back. The Dunlin stood quite still for a few seconds, and then it ruffled its feathers as though it was showing us that it did not approve of being handled. Then to my surprise it looked right at us, took a few quick steps forward, and then waddled about feeding right where it was as though we were not there at all.



A young Herring Gull that had been slightly affected by oil, and was caught by Simba.

I waited and waited thinking that it must at any moment suddenly fly off in fright, but it took no notice, and even walked up to our feet. Then it turned and walked back to the pool and looked for more food.

Reg and I walked away then, and we left the bird where it was. Reg explained as we walked down the beach that very often Dunlins will do this. It seems that most of them have very little fear of man even if they have just been handled and ringed.

Farther along the beach we found some ominous patches of oil. Simba, my black Alsatian dog, was running along behind us, and I grabbed his collar to stop him from running through the oil. Reg then saw some waders in the distance, and he raised his field glasses to see what they were.

Suddenly he asked me to look too, for he said he thought he could see a gull right down the end of the beach that looked as though it was oiled. I had a look and from the distance it was very hard to tell what was wrong with the bird, but there obviously was something amiss.

We walked forward quickly to have a look and as we neared the gull, it began to half run and half fly to the sea. It was obvious at once that the gull was going to reach the sea before we got there.

"Fetch it!" I shouted at Simba, and I let his collar go.

Terrific Speed

THE gull saw him coming, and with a lot of effort was in the air a few feet above the ground, and heading fast for the sea. The next moment he was over the edge of the waves.

"Simba's lost it," said Reg.

"You wait," I replied.

Then the gull came down a little. Simba now hit the waves at terrific speed, and the sea water flew in all directions. The next second he took off into the air just like a black rocket, and caught the gull in his mouth.

Then he landed right in the water, and struggled through the breaking waves back to us. He will not carry anything for long, which is a great pity, for he has a very gentle mouth.

Now Reg and I rushed up, and took the bird from Simba. It was very slightly oiled, and a few minutes cleaning back at the house would put it right, and then it could be released.

The Little Owl glared angrily at us.

Now it was time for us to walk back to the house to deal with the gull. When we arrived, there was a note from one of the lighthouse men. It read: "Reg. Found this for you. Look in your office."

We opened the office door a fraction and peeped in. We came face to face with a furious pair of eyes. It was a Little Owl.

More of 'On The Trail' in next week's TV COMIC!

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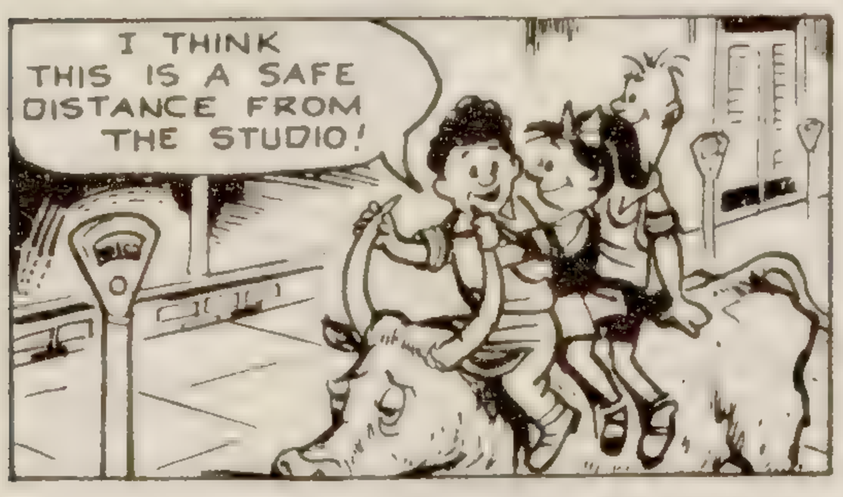
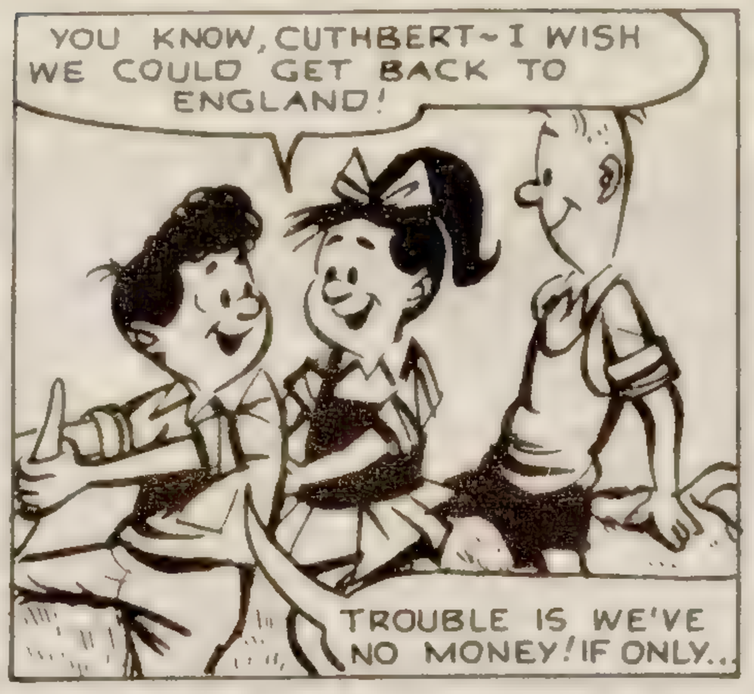
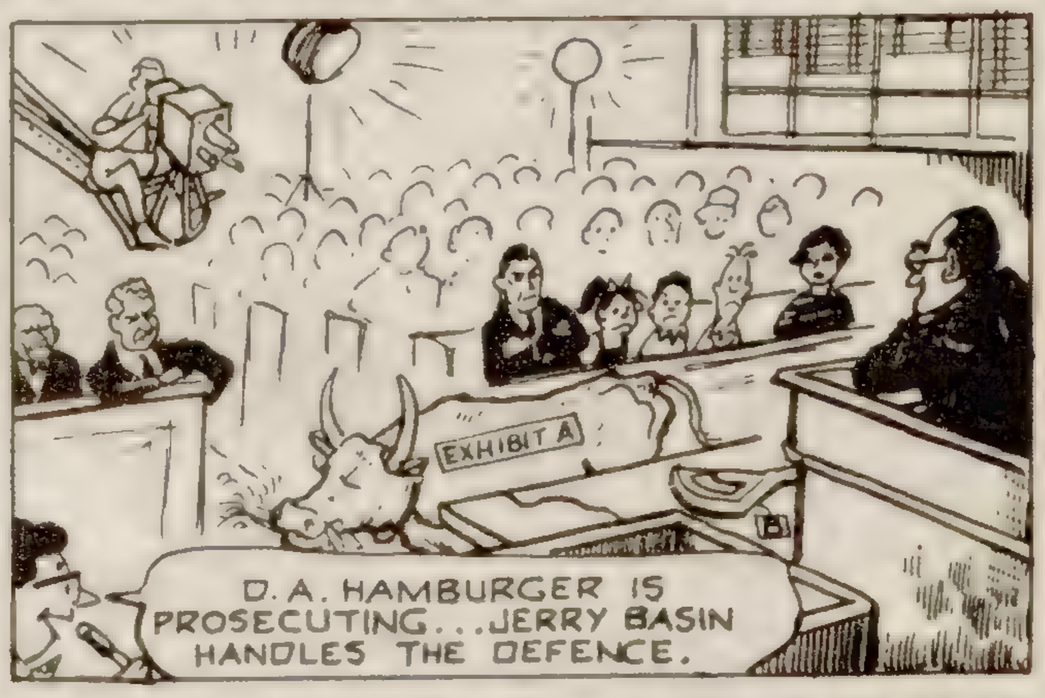
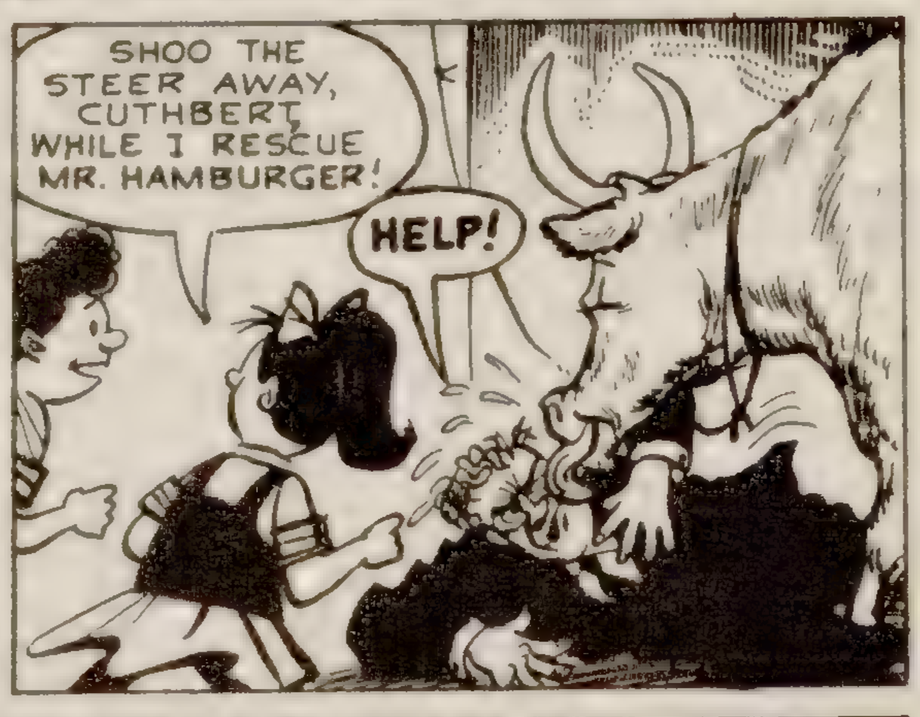
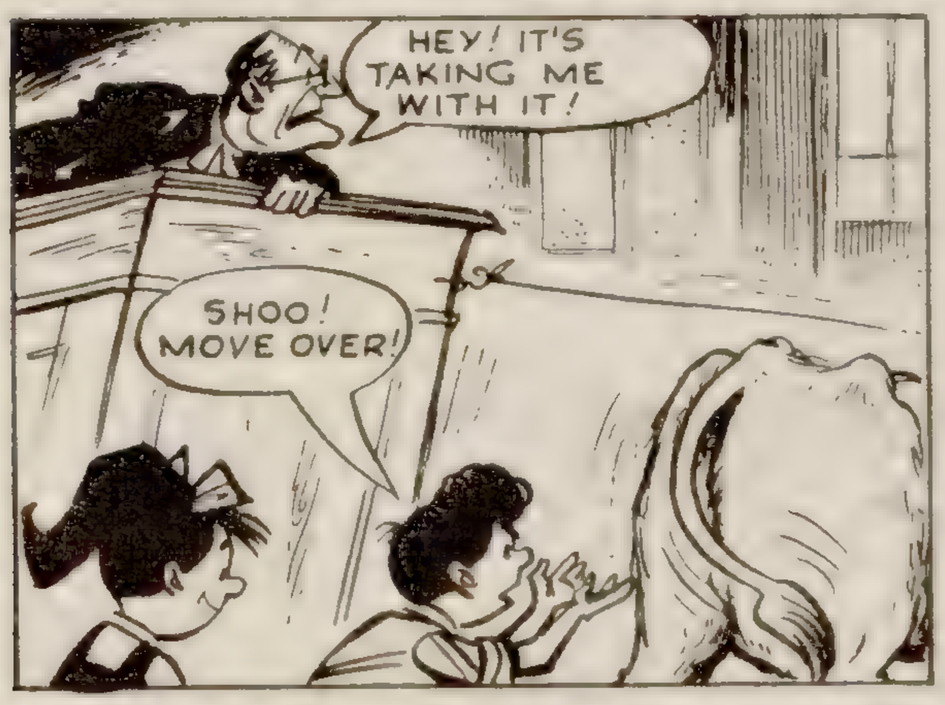
TV Terrors

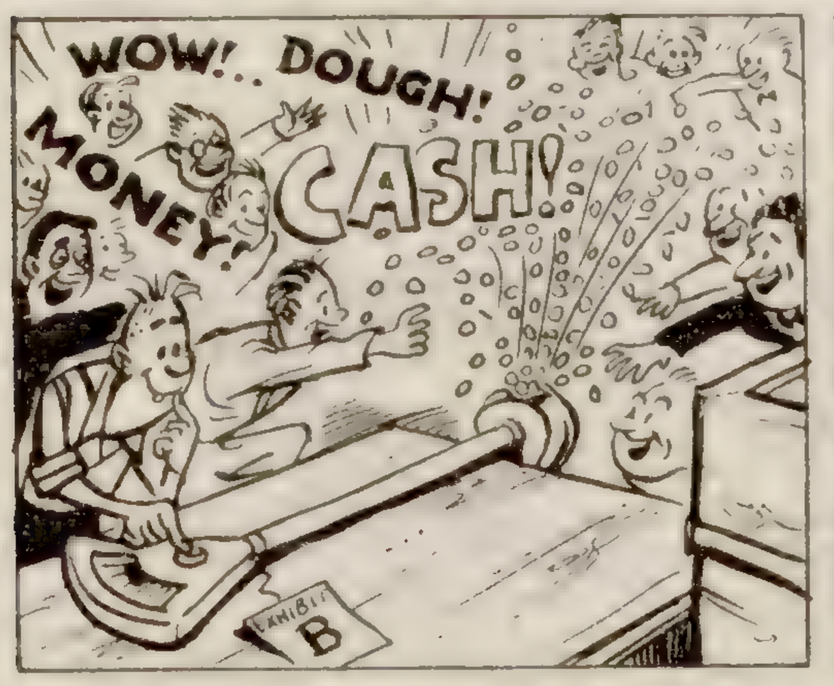


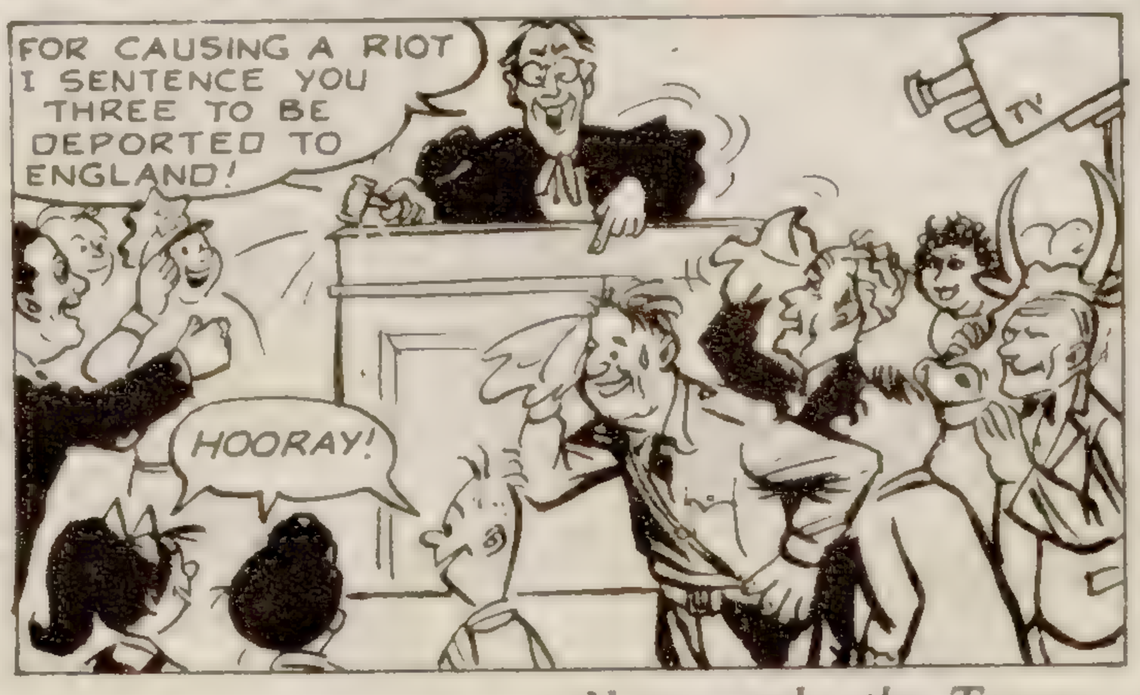












Next week, the Terrors come back to Britain!

Pick of the Jokes

WIN A £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in their jokes for use on this page. Why not send in your joke now? If you have thought of it yourself and it is published you will receive £1. Send your joke on a *postcard* and stating your age, name and address to:-
Pick of the Jokes, TV COMIC, TV Publications, 37-39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

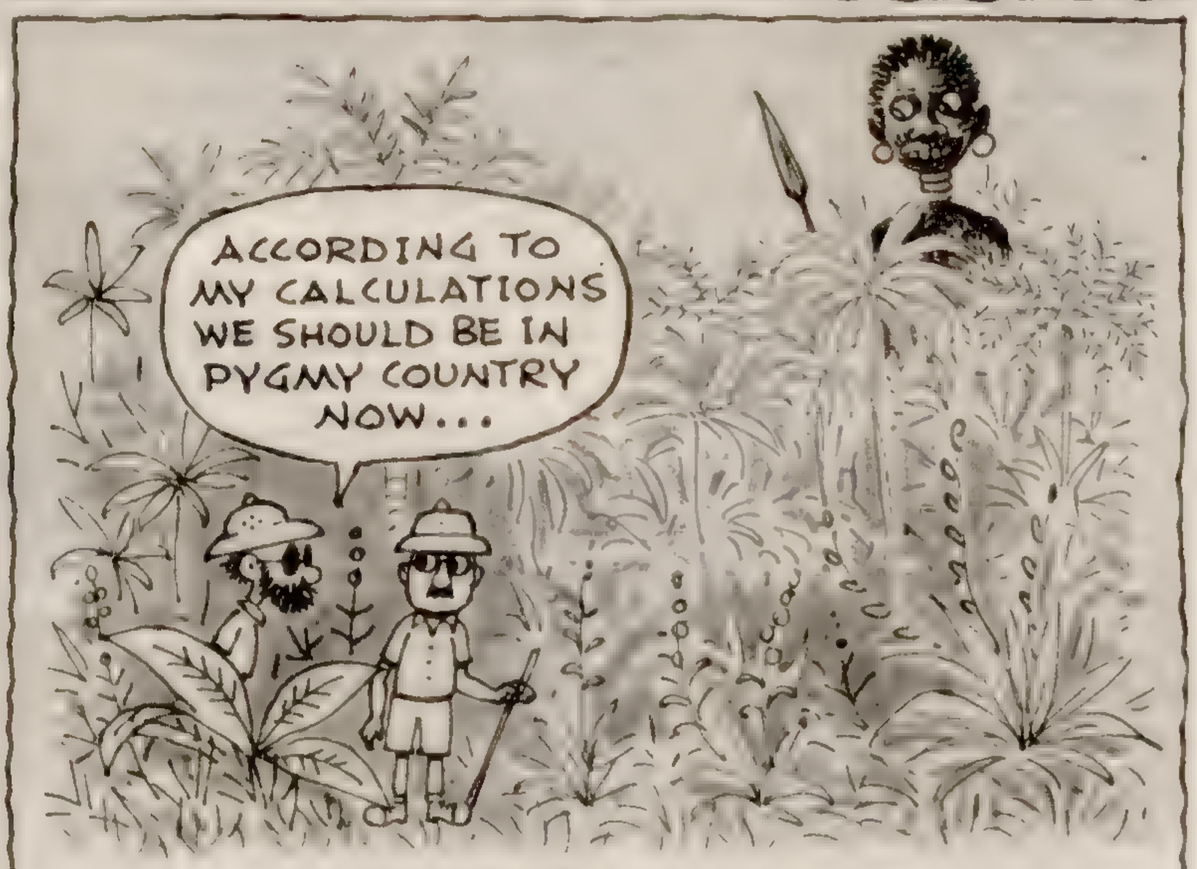
Sandra Shepherd, Aberdeen, Scotland.

L. Heaton, Lancaster.

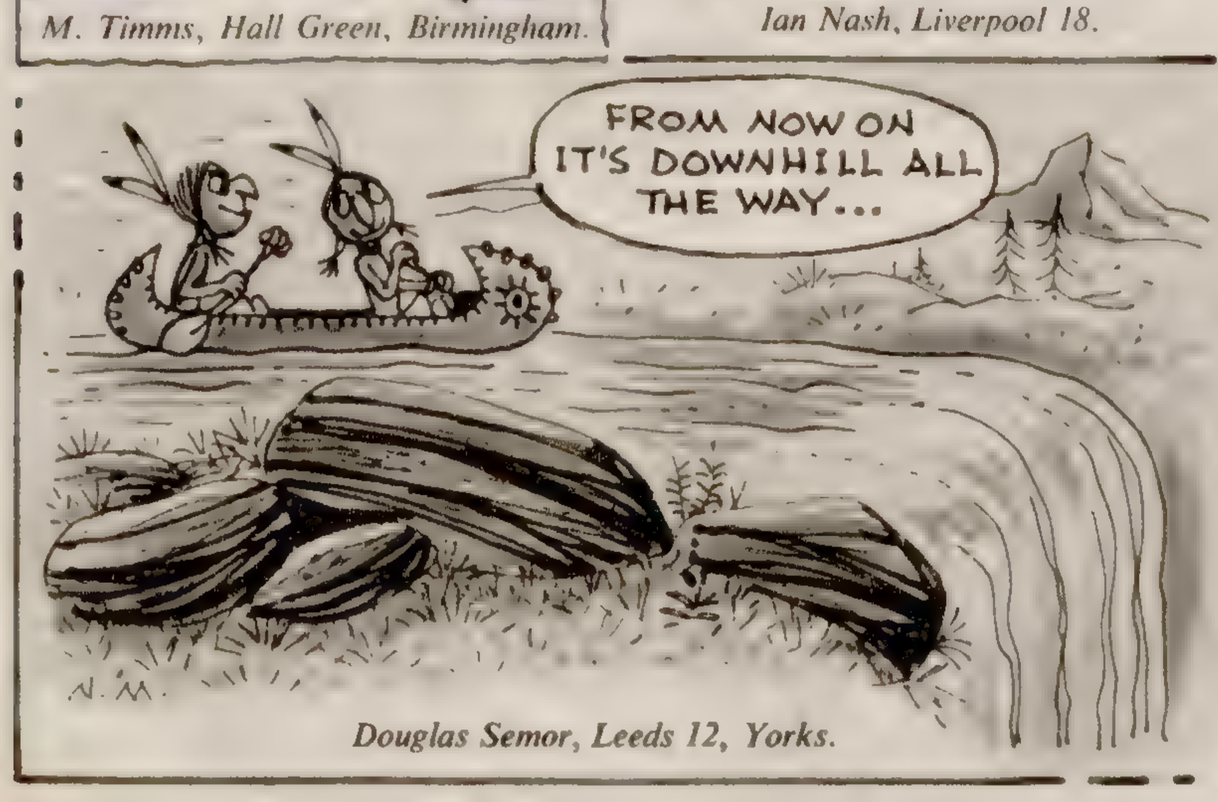
J. Thompson, Eccles, Manchester.

M. Timms, Hall Green, Birmingham.

Ian Nash, Liverpool 18.



Michael Glendinning, Edinburgh 9, Scotland.



Douglas Semor, Leeds 12, Yorks.

D. R. Williams, Swansea, Glam.

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TV COMIC

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ON SALE SOON!

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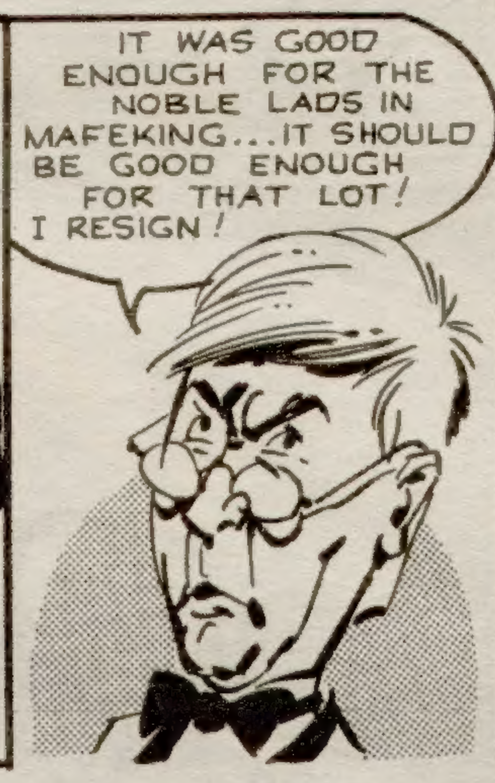
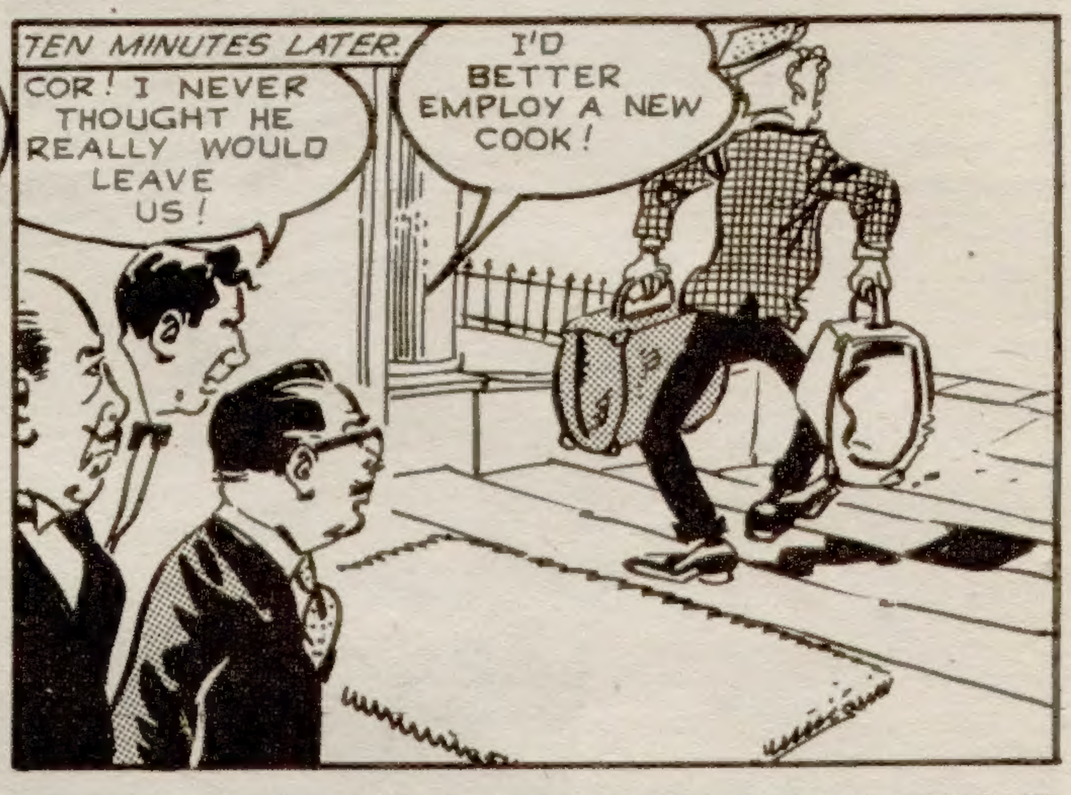
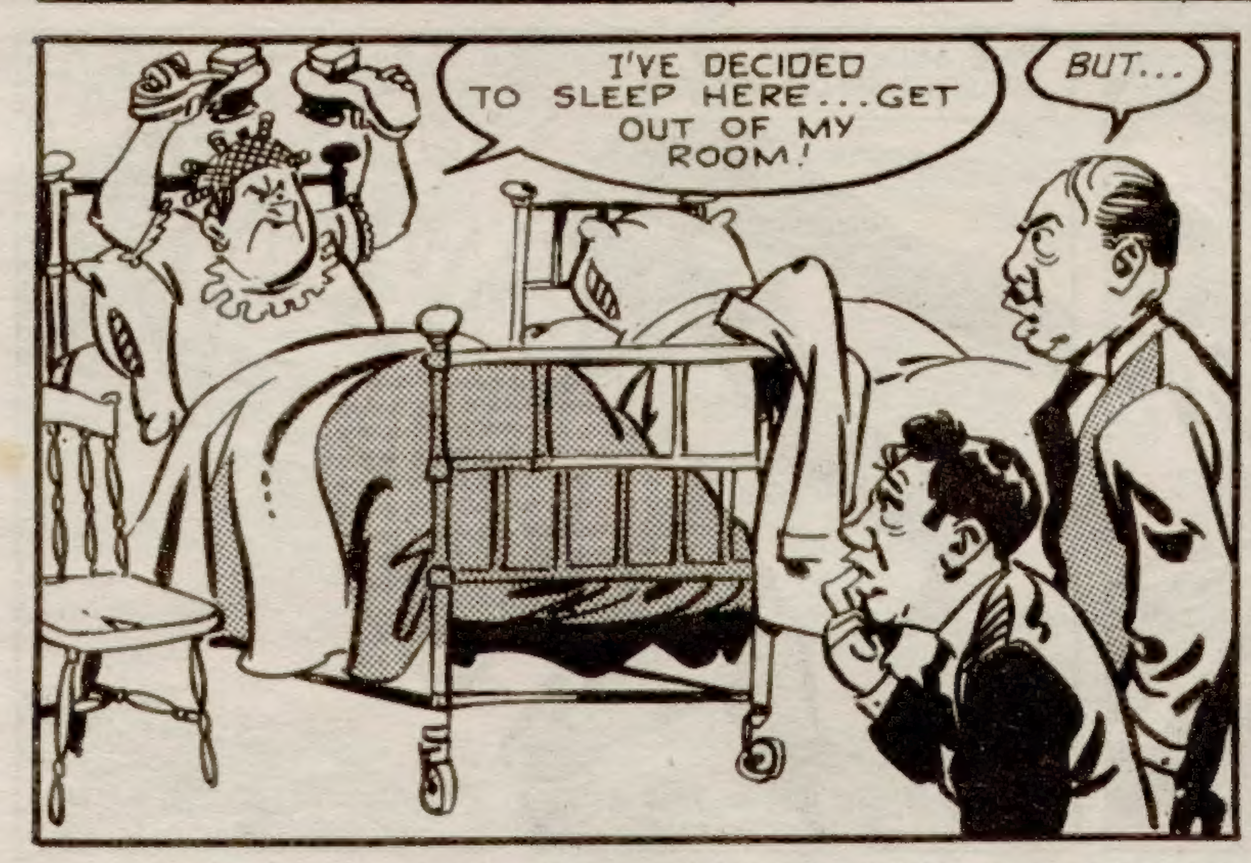
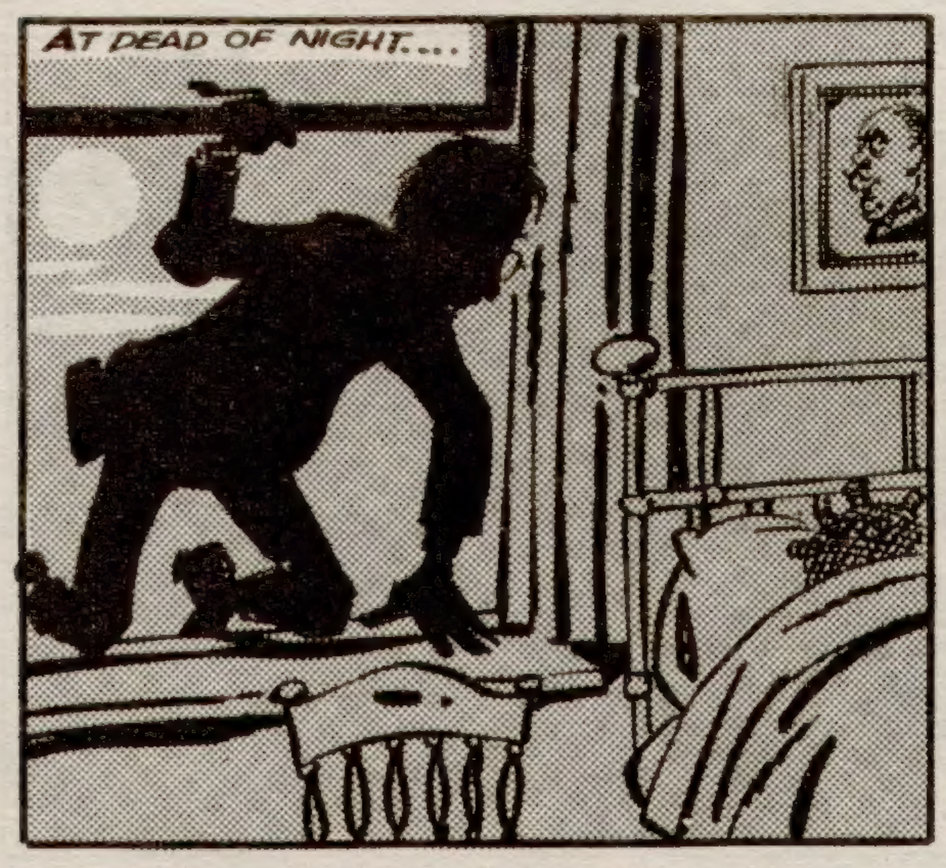
Bootsie and Snudge





Adapted from Granada's Television series "Bootsie and Snudge."





Next week, Bootsie and Snudge play cricket!

The MILKY BAR KID

THE Milky Bar Kid and Beed Dyson have tied in the contests to decide the first president of the Candy Springs Boys Club. Suddenly the two boys come to blows . . .

AT HIM, BEED!

COME ON, MILKY BAR KID.

THE MILKY BAR KID GRASPED BEED'S WRIST...

TALK, BEED ~ TELL WHO REALLY CHEATED IN THE CONTESTS!

ALL RIGHT, MILKY BAR KID, I'LL TELL 'EM!

IT WAS ME, FELLERS. I CHEATED IN THE RIFLE AND SIX-GUN CONTESTS, AND IN THE STEER RIDING.

WELL! I GUESS THAT MAKES THE MILKY BAR KID OUR FIRST CLUB PRESIDENT.

HURRAY FOR THE MILKY BAR KID!

LET'S CELEBRATE, FELLERS — WITH MILKY BARS ALL ROUND.

A grand new Milky Bar Kid adventure starts next week!